Sept. 1, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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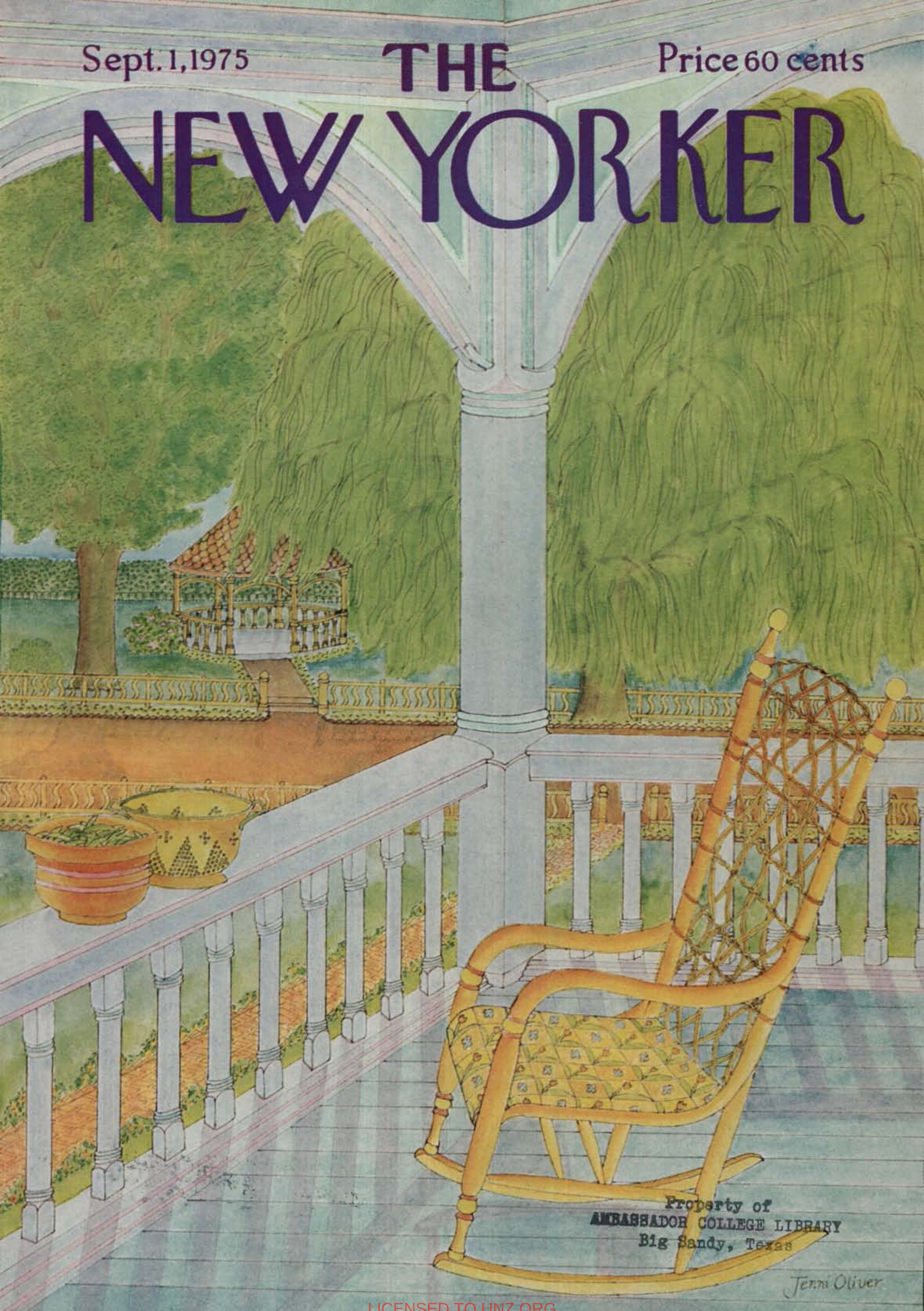
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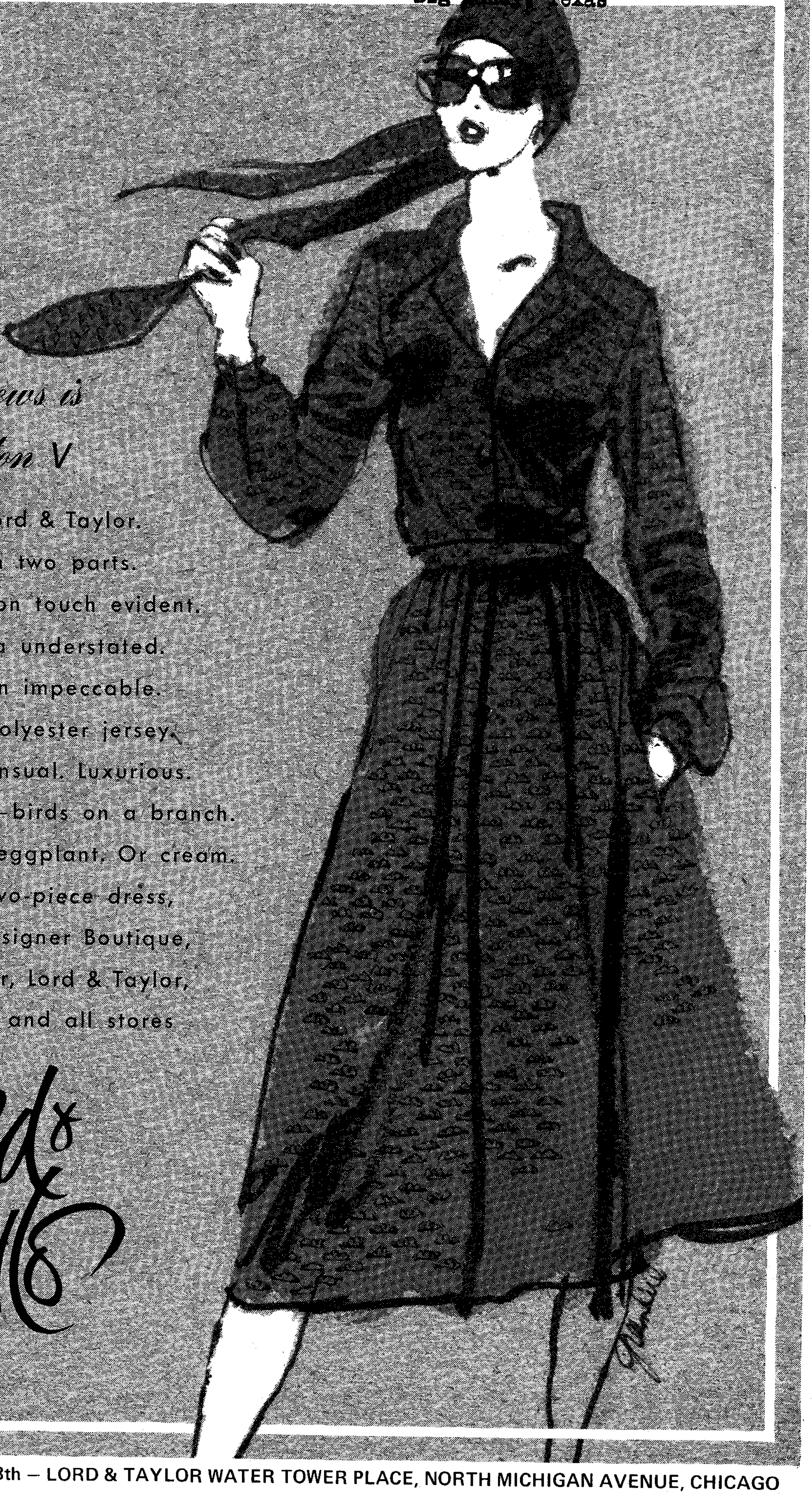

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 1. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

CHICAGO—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban. book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCE WITH ME—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays, except Sept. 2, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

THE RITZ—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RUBBERS and YANKS 3 DETROIT 0 TOP OF THE SEVENTH—The management has extended the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin are the cast, and they are wonderful. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHENANDOAH—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.)

THE WIZ—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Sheila MacRae, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CANDIDE:** Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's *continuously exciting* dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, and Marian Seldes. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,385 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays, except Sept. 2, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 3.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Irving Lee, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Night-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Sept. 2, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.)... **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHERLOCK HOLMES:** The great detective is played by Robert Stephens, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

DANCERS—A new company, headed by Dennis Wayne, Martine van Hamel, and Bonnie Mathis, in a week-long engagement. Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 2-4, and Saturday, Sept. 6, at 8: "Journey" (première), "Solitaire," "The Murder of George Keuter," "Lazarus," "Still Point," and "Musette di Taverni."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 5, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, at 2:30: "The Prussian Officer" (première), "After Eden," "Musette di Taverni," "Solo" (première), and the premières of two unnamed works. (City Center Downstairs, 131 W. 55th St. For information about tickets, call 247-4230.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—The Monday-night home for five or six part-time Dixieland musicians—known very locally as the Grove Street Stompers. After they've put eight nonmusical hours into other pursuits (such as earning a living), these energetic traditionalists set about resuscitating "Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Jubilee," "Fidgety Feet," and the like; from nine-fifteen to one. The rest of the week, singer and pianist Mabel Godwin is at her post from nine to three, flanked on three sides by a makeshift bar. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A variety of mainstream and out-there jazzmen occupy the bandstand most nights from nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This four-hundred-seat club is a very good place to see those performers who, in the recessionless past, might have played concerts exclusively. On Wednesday, Aug. 27, saxophonist Carlos Garnett, who most recently has been an outstanding soloist with Norman Connors' group, leads his own combo opposite Latin percussionist Ray Barretto. Dr. Hook turns up to play Friday through Sunday, Aug. 29-31, alternating with Greezy Wheels, a rock assemblage. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Barry Harris, a nimble pianist, collaborates with his bassist through Saturday, Aug. 30. Beginning Monday, Sept. 1, the very fine **HANK JONES** takes over the keyboard duties. Music from about ten until two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, **JAKI BYARD,** a mansion with many rooms, is present, with bassist Major Holley. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Buddy Rich's sleek new club seems to attract a larger share of tourists than his previous, uptown one did. It has also attracted **MAYNARD FERGUSON,** who performs with his band through Saturday, Aug. 30. On Tuesday, Sept. 2, uptempoed singer and pianist Buddy Greco moves in, along with comic Mike Preminger. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight; dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** is back, with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. Her accompanists are pianist Jerry Wiggins, an Art Tatum admirer, and Johnny Williams, a fine bassist. Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one.... ¶ On Sundays, Stella Marrs, an easygoing singer of old standards (despite the fact that she bills herself as Ms. Soft Soul), and a WRVR-FM radio personality, claims the center of the room for herself and her two backup musicians—bassist Lisle Atkinson and pianist Harold Mabern. Music from eight to one. Dining.

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EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which is a low-keyed and controlled assemblage, is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, Sept. 2, tenor saxophonist Al Klink will sit in with the regulars. Pianist Red Richards plays into the night, starting at seven; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**SUN RA** and His Humanitarian Arkestra, a twenty-seven-or-so-person collective, travel through space, time, and sometimes the audience. At least once a night, Sun Ra, his musicians, and his dancers, still performing and not missing a beat, leave their places to parade around the room among the patrons—some of them even wander out the front door to blow a few bars in the street. The management has called it all "organized bedlam." Through Saturday, Aug. 30. On Tuesday, Sept. 2, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, a five-piece unit that plays the very latest in Chicago jazz—it's avant-garde jazz and did *not* paddle up the river from New Orleans—begins a stint here. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American food. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—**LOUISIANA RED,** a direct descendant of Robert Johnson, Bukka White, and other distraught blues singers of the thirties, begins singing and playing guitar on Wednesday, Sept. 3. Red, who is thirty-nine and, reportedly, very shy, rarely brings to his live performances the all-out vitality that characterizes his excellent recent album, "Sweet Blood Call" (Blue Labor), but what he does bring is well worth seeing. Red's set begins sometime after ten.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here on Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, with bassist John Beal and pianist Dick Katz. His playing has not diminished. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and drummer **SONNY GREER.** The trio is not to be missed. **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, performs alone from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by Sam Brown, an interesting guitar soloist, and bassist Jamil Nasser from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Claude Hopkins on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Nick Sassone or Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**TEDDY WILSON,** who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, does quite well with tenorman Flip Phillips, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Mousey Alexander. Through Saturday, Aug. 30. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 2, four able-bodied traditionalists—Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Marty Napoleon, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; and drummer Bobby Rosengarden—will populate the stage. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Bassist Gordon Edwards and his little rhythm-and-blues group are as much of a hit in Woodstock—they have appeared at Joyous Lake, a nightspot in the heart of the counterculture belt of the Catskills—as they are on the upper West Side, where they perform nightly from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A pair of West Coast rock-and-rollers, Batdorf & Rodney, are onstage through Sunday, Aug. 31. They're followed by soul singer Leroy Hutson, who arrives on Thursday, Sept. 4. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Those who have never heard Bach or Gershwin played on the harmonica are in luck. Harmonica virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** has forsaken his usual symphony-orchestra accompaniment in favor of a quartet, which he performs with at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty. The room will close for a week after Saturday, Aug. 30. Dining and dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The **SY OLIVER** orchestra plays for dancing, listening, or just gawking out the window. From seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive little club will reopen, after its brief vacation, on Tuesday, Sept. 2, just when many of its patrons have returned to the city from Fire Island. Warholian superstar and torch singer Holly Woodlawn and high-pitched comic Chris Rush will be the performers that night and all week at nine and midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Trumpeter and occasional vocalist **CHET BAKER** and his youthful, enthusiastic combo will be the first musicians on the premises (on Tuesday, Sept. 2), when this lively neighborhood bar opens its doors for the fall. Music from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Extra tables have been jammed in to accommodate more customers at this formerly spacious and subdued music room, and some of the newer patrons are overly talkative. Guitarist Wayne Gabriel works with a trio Wednesday and Thursday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aug. 27-28; and Mike Abene, a colorful and stirring pianist, heads a trio Friday through Sunday, Aug. 29-31. **ROLAND HANNA,** who is one of the most forceful, rhythmic, and satisfying pianists around, begins a solo engagement on Wednesday, Sept. 3. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Denise Rogers, an exciting young blues and gospel singer, claims the stage with her backup musicians on Sundays and Thursdays. A blues quintet called Cakewalk works on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. And on Fridays and Saturdays, **CECIL MC BEE,** a very fine bassist, has charge of a rousing sextet. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—**CHARLES MINGUS** is present, inspiring his quintet in this medieval-looking on-again, off-again music fortress. Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to two.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Reedman **SONNY STITT** plays with a quartet through Sunday, Aug. 31. On Tuesday, Sept. 2, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER,** perhaps the most respected of contemporary jazz players, brings in his quartet. On Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** conducts his youthful, up-to-date big band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Closer to the docks than to the boonies, this dark, sawdusted café is still cashing in on the late-sixties soul-food bonanza. Pianist David Lahm and his bassist are here Mondays through Wednesdays; Thursdays through Sundays, Nat Jones works with bass accompaniment. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. On Wednesday, Aug. 27, pianist Dill Jones and trumpeter Taft Jordan co-pilot a quartet. Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet takes the stand. On Saturdays and Sundays, Buddy Tate and Paul Quinichette get together with their quartet for some more swing sessions. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION and **THE COMMODORES**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 7:30 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

ALEXANDER CALDER—A new series of Aubusson tapestries woven from his rollicking designs. Through Saturday, Sept. 6. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

BEVERLY PEPPER—Five large sculptures. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints on the subject of the sea by more than a hundred and fifty artists. Through Sept. 13. . . . **FAR GALLERY,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Realist paintings and drawings devoted to views of buildings, by fifteen gallery artists. Through Friday, Aug. 29. . . . **GIMPEL,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Karel Appel, Paul Jenkins, and others, plus sculptures by Barbara Hepworth. Through Friday, Aug. 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Heliker, William Glackens, Leonard DeLonga, and others. Through Sept. 19. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **CRISPO,** 41 E. 57th St.; weekdays, 11:30 to 4. . . . **LARCADA,** 23 E. 67th St.; Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition of holograms done by artists here and abroad during the last ten years. Holography is a recently developed process that uses laser light to create a three-dimensional image on a photographic plate. . . . ¶ *Two photo essays concerning California*—one, by Richard Misrach, follows the trail of the flower children of the sixties, and the other, by Roger Minick, consists mostly of landscapes. Both exhibitions through Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Conceptual photographs (arranged objects or figures) by Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A reinstallation of part of last year's show of photographs of lower Manhattan. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **NIKON HOUSE,** 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St.: Travel photographs (all of them in color) that have appeared in *Travel & Leisure*, by thirteen photographers, among them Burt Glinn, Slim Aarons, and John Lewis Stage. Through Friday, Aug. 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibit jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "George Washington: Icon for America" is a display of about a hundred everyday objects bearing his likeness—wallpaper, cigar bands, a three-cent stamp—dating from the seventeen-seventies to the present. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings that depict this country as seen by Europeans between 1492 and 1776. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. (Money is the servant of art. New-found funds have enabled the museum to go back to its regular exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Masters: Manet to Matisse," an exhibition of more than a hundred paintings by European artists on loan from both public and private collections. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "Picture Puzzles" is a show of about forty conceptual photographs. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Posters, advertisements, record-album covers, book jackets, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser. Through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, including Labor Day, *11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9;* Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Twotkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition focusses on the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, on Eighth Street. Through Wednesday, Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About twenty portraits in the folk-art tradition by Sheldon Peck, a nineteenth-century Vermont portraitist who divided his time between painting and farming. Through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth) ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. . . . ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Both exhibitions through Sunday, Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fish. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime.". . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Monday, Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, except Sept. 2, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Illusion in Nature and Art," a show that examines, through such techniques as three-dimensional models and push-button objects, the way we see things. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Labor Day, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 9—Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 8: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Richard Taylor, and William Justus; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Pablo Elvira; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Arlene Randazzo, Gary Glaze, and Alan Titus; Alexis Hauser. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Faye Robinson, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8: "La Traviata," with Karan Armstrong, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, at 1: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Pablo Elvira; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, at 7: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Arlene Randazzo, Gary Glaze, and Alan Titus; Alexis Hauser. . . . ¶ Tues-

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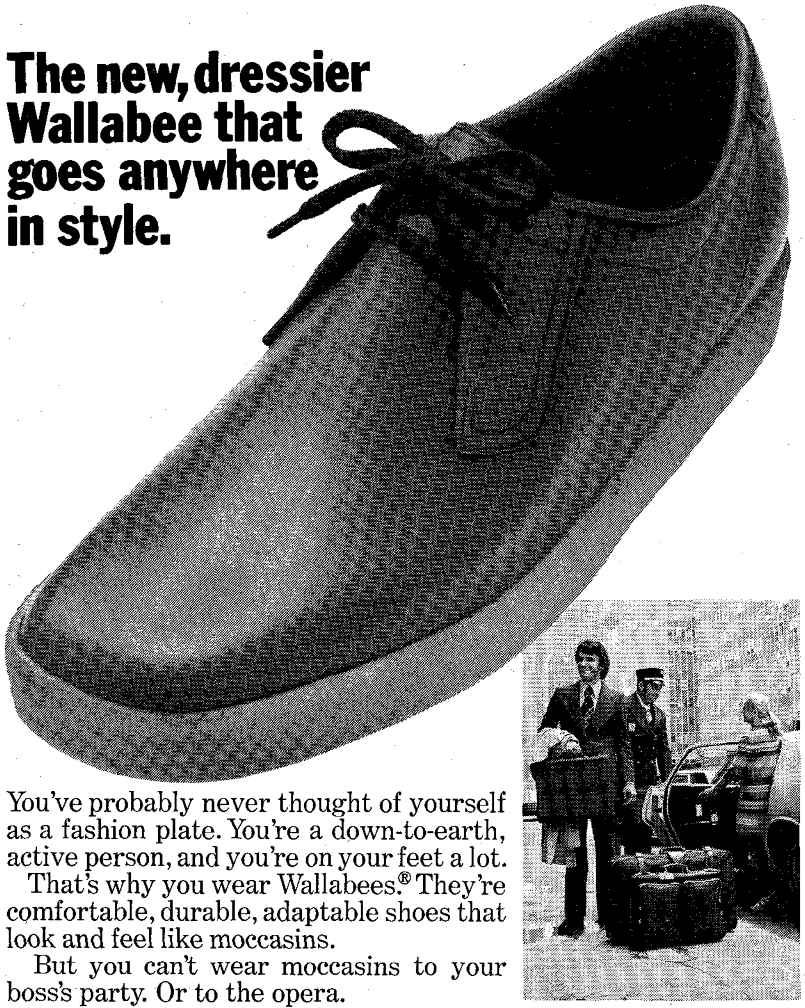

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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31	1	2	3	4	5	6

day, Sept. 2, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Faye Robinson, Ermanno Mauro, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 8: "I Puritani," with Arlene Randazzo, John Sandor, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, William Neill, and William Justus; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 5, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Arlene Randazzo, Alan Titus, and Spiro Malas; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2: "La Traviata," with Karan Armstrong, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and William Ledbetter; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 6, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; Michel Plasson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 7: Beach Boys.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:15: Roger Williams.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 7: Jefferson Starship.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 7: Sha Na Na.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, at 7: Blue Oyster Cult.... ¶ Monday, Sept. 1, at 7: The Doobie Brothers. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—METS: Vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, Sept. 1, at 4:05, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 2-3, at 8:05.... ¶ St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 5, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2:15.... YANKEES: Vs. Oakland, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, at 8.... ¶ Kansas City, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 31, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, in a benefit exhibition game. (Palmer Stadium, Princeton. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 27; the Lawrence Realization, Saturday, Aug. 30; the Governor, Monday, Sept. 1; the Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 3; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day between 10:15 and 1:15.)... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Ocean City Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 30, and the Ventnor Handicap, Monday, Sept. 1.

Tennis—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Aug. 27, through Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 11:30 and 8, and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 4-7, at 11:30. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11. ... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, except Labor Day, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Dance Festival—Twelve free performances—Thursday and Friday, Aug. 28-29, at 8: Chuck Davis Dance Company, Annabelle Gamson, Erick Hawkins Dance Company, Kathryn Posin Dance Company, and Eliot Feld Ballet.... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 30-31, at 3 (primarily for children): Matteo Ethnoamerican Dance Theatre, Charles Moore and Ella Thompson Moore, Paul Russell and Elena Carter, and Chuck Davis Dance Company.... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 30-31, at 8: Louis Johnson Dance Theatre, Jeff Duncan Dance Repertory Company, Cincinnati Ballet, Movement Projects—Art Bauman, Patricia McBride and Jean Pierre Bonnefous, and Ballet Hispanico of New York.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 2-3, at 8: Maryland Ballet, May O'Donnell Concert Dance Company, Sophie Maslow Dance Company, Murray Louis Dance Company, San Francisco Ballet, and Luigi's Jazz Dance Company.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 4-5, at 8: Matteo Ethnoamerican Dance Theatre, Charles Moore, Bob Bowyer and Jo-Ann Bruggemann, the Danscompany, Chiang Ching, Rebecca Wright and Kevin McKenzie, and Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo.... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7: Buzz Miller and Ethel Martin, Laura Foreman Dance Theatre, Sounds in Motion, Paul Russell and Lydia Abarca, Maria Benitez, and Second Century Dance Theatre. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Rain dates, Monday, Sept. 1, and Tuesday, Sept. 9, for the evening performances, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, for the matinées. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Central Park Mall—Sidney Harth conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra and acting as violin soloist. (Monday, Sept. 1, at 7:30.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 7: Grover Washington, Jr., Ron Carter, Joe Farrell, Hubert Laws, Idris Muhammad, Chet Baker, Hank Crawford, Bob James, and George Benson.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 7: Aerosmith.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 7: David Bromberg, Janis Ian, and Eric Andersen.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 7: Uriah Heep.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 5, at 7: Miles Davis.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 6, at 7: Richie Havens and Orleans. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Final performances of a three-week festival of musical comedy, opera, dance, recitals, chamber music, jazz (as well as country, gospel, and Latin music), and street theatre. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Thursday, Aug. 28, the LaRocque Bey Dance Theatre at 2:30 and New York Street Theatre Caravan at 5.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, the Inscape Company at 2:30 and the Philippine Dance Company of New York at 5.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, clowns, jugglers, street musicians, and mime artists at noon, the Everyman Company at 2:30, and the Lorgo Players at 5.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, clowns, jugglers, street musicians, and mime artists at noon, Workshops for Careers in the Arts at 2:30, a symposium on street theatre at 4, and the After Dinner Opera Company at 6.... DAMROSCH PARK: The Alliance of Latin Arts is presenting "The Sound of Music," in English, through Sunday, Aug. 31, at 8.... ¶ Monday, Sept. 1, at 8, a community block party, with the Jazzmobile All-Stars and Tito Puente and his orchestra.

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of OKLAHOMA!, with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 31. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view daily, from noon until sundown, starting Friday, Aug. 29, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 14.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Tuesdays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Automobile Racing—Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Oct. 5.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. St. Louis, Sept. 7 (day). Montreal, Sept. 15-16 (night). Chicago, Sept. 17-18 (n). Philadelphia, Sept. 19 (n) and Sept. 20-21 (d).... ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Sept. 8-9 (night). Milwaukee, Sept. 10-11 (n). Cleveland, Sept. 12-13 (n) and Sept. 14 (day). Boston, Sept. 22-24 (n). Baltimore, Sept. 26 (twi-night doubleheader) and Sept. 27-28 (d).... AMERICAN LEAGUE AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: Start Oct. 4.... WORLD SERIES: Starts Oct. 11 in the home park of the American League champion.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Boston, Oct. 9.... NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Knicks, Oct. 8.

College Football—Some early games of the season—SATURDAY, SEPT. 13: Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point.... FRIDAY, SEPT. 19: Fordham vs. Iona, at Fordham.... SATURDAY, SEPT. 20: Army vs. Lehigh, at West Point.... SATURDAY, SEPT. 27: Army vs. Villanova, at West Point; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven.... SATURDAY, OCT. 4: Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover; Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven.

Professional Football—SUNDAY, SEPT. 21: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia, and Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.... SUNDAY, SEPT. 28: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington, and Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City.... SUNDAY, OCT. 5: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sept. 29, exhibition game.... ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Oct. 1, exhibition game.... ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Oct. 8. (first official game of the season).... NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sept. 23, exhibition game.... ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Sept. 29, exhibition game.... ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Oct. 5, exhibition game.

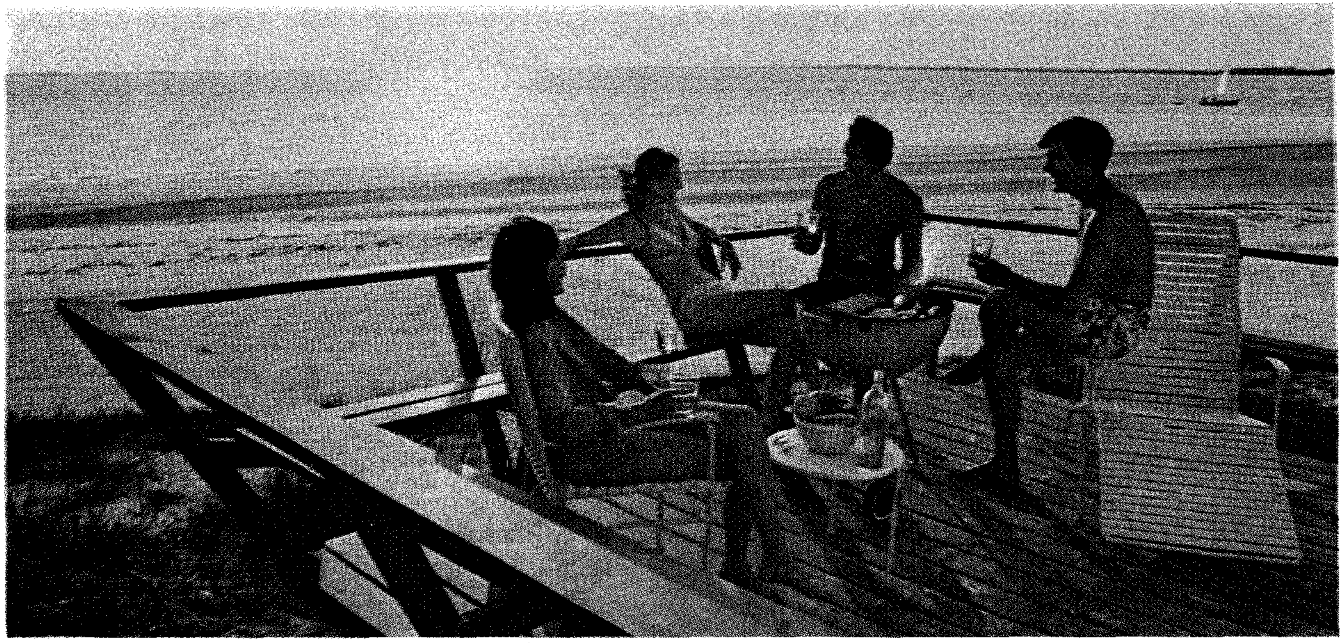
Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Sept. 8-Oct. 18.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season will open on Oct. 13, with Rossini's "The Siege of Corinth," and will run through April 17.... AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): Opening performance of the New York Philharmonic, Pierre Boulez conducting, Sept. 25.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): The New Orchestra, Sept. 16.... ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sept. 29. ... ¶ Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Seiji Ozawa conducting, Oct. 8-9.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): American Symphony Orchestra, Sept. 17.... HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (535-5350): Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, Sept. 27.... ¶ Richard Goode, piano, Oct. 5.

Dance—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Oct. 1-Nov. 2.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A limited engagement of Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth," starring Elizabeth Ashley, Alfred Drake, and Martha Scott.... ¶ Geraldine Fitzgerald in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!"... ¶ A comedy by Neil Cuthbert, "The Soft Touch," in which Lenny Baker, Joshua Mostel, and Jo Anne Meredith will appear.... ¶ A musical, "Truckload," with a book by Hugh Wheeler and a score by Louis St. Louis, with whom Wes Harris, supplied the lyrics.... ¶ Scott Joplin's opera, "Treemonisha," as staged by the Houston Grand Opera Company last spring, with Carmen Balthrop and Betty Allen.... ¶ "The Leaf People," a play by Dennis Reardon, with Tom Aldredge.... ¶ "Boccaccio," a musical based on the fourteenth-century stories in Boccaccio's "Decameron," originally produced at the Arena Stage in Washington. Richard Peaslee composed the music and Kenneth Cavender wrote the book and lyrics.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 15.... ¶ Ice Follies, at Radio City Music Hall, Sept. 19-Oct. 5.... ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 23. ... ¶ New York Film Festival opens on Sept. 26 at Avery Fisher Hall. Moves next day to Alice Tully Hall: Sept. 27-Oct. 11. Winds up at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 12.... ¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Sept. 27-Oct. 5.... ¶ Bryant Park Flower Show, Oct. 2-7.... ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 4 elections, Oct. 3, 4, and 6.



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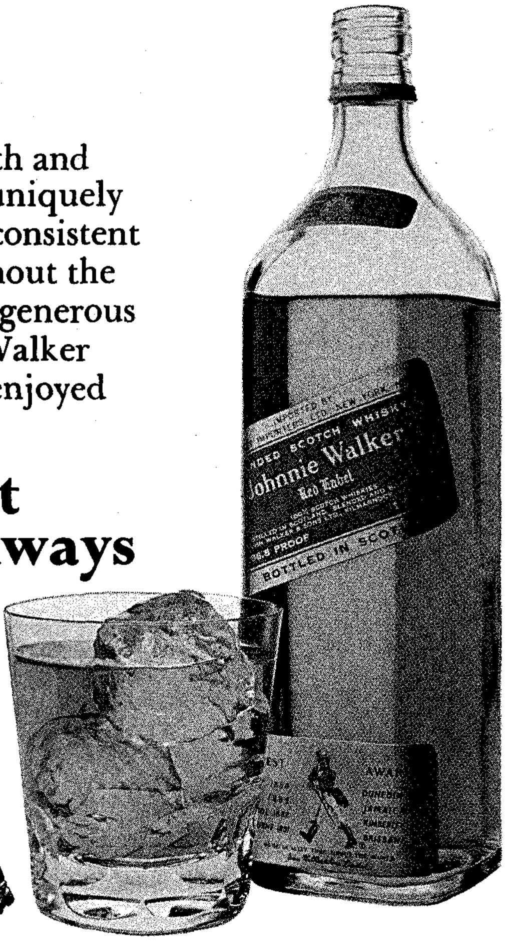
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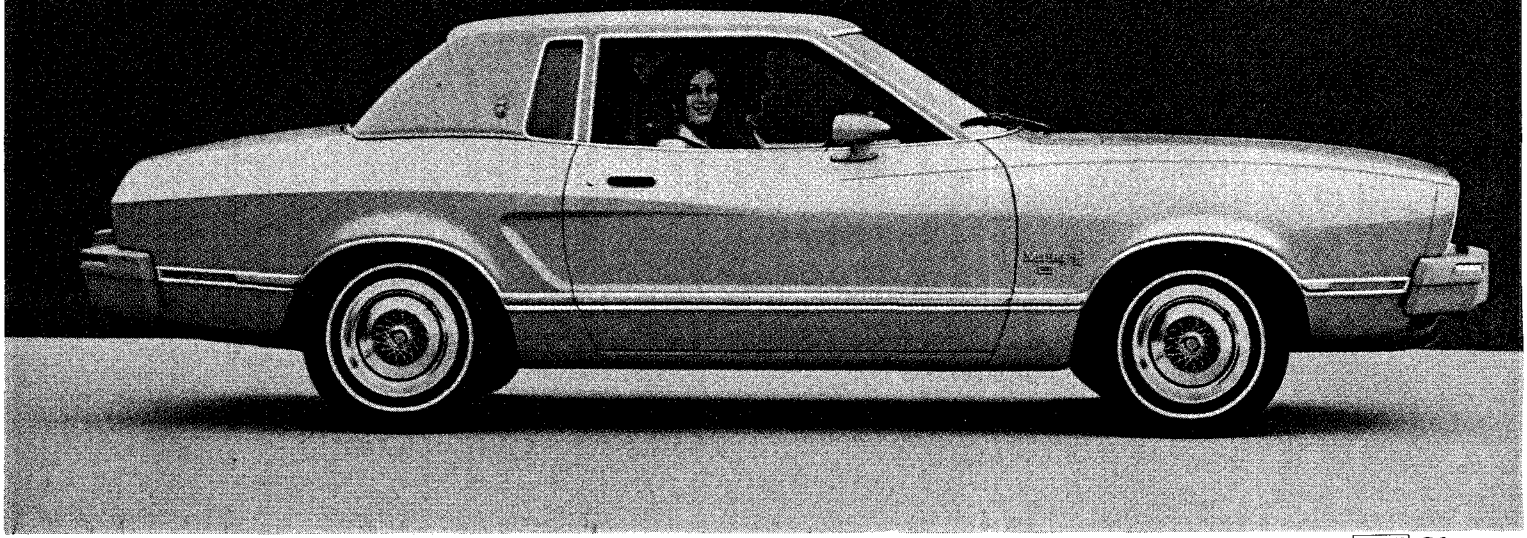

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 30: "Nothing Sacred" and "My Man Godfrey."
Aug. 31-Sept. 2: "San Francisco" and "The Firefly."
Sept. 3-4: "It's a Wonderful World" and "Vivacious Lady."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 2: "The Towering Inferno."
From Sept. 3: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" and "Day for Night."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Little Rascals."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 2: "The Towering Inferno."
From Sept. 3: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Beyond the Door."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Supervixens;" X-rated.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Coonskin."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Sept. 2: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Bambi."
From Sept. 3: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Exorcist."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Rollerball."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Wind and the Lion."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Jr."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"White Line Fever."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Tommy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Pain in the A.."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 2: "French Connection II."
From Sept. 3: "And Now My Love."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 2: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From Sept. 3: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 2: "Funny Lady."
From Sept. 3: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Beyond the Door."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Supervixens;" X-rated.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Dragon Flies."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"White Line Fever."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Sept. 2: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Bambi."
From Sept. 3: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 27: "Beauty and the Beast" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."
Aug. 28: "The Virgin Spring" and "Beauty and the Beast."
Aug. 29: "Rashomon" and "The Virgin Spring."
Aug. 30: "Black Orpheus" and "Rashomon."
Aug. 31: "The 400 Blows" and "Black Orpheus."
Sept. 1: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "The 400 Blows."
Sept. 2: "Knife in the Water" and "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders."
Sept. 3: "The Silence" and "Knife in the Water."
Sept. 4: "Jules and Jim" and "The Silence."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Cooley High."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Rollerball."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 2: "The Wind and the Lion."
From Sept. 3: "The Wilby Conspiracy."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Sept. 2 at one or another of the theatres: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "Take the Money and Run"/"Once Is Not Enough" and "The Gambler"/"The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday"/"Oriental Blue" and "Teenage Cowgirls;" both X-rated.
From Sept. 3: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 27: A program of ten short films featuring Robert Benchley, and one in which George Bernard Shaw interviews himself.
Aug. 28: "King of Hearts" and "The Twelve Chairs."
Aug. 29: "Morocco" and "Blonde Venus."
Aug. 30-31: "Something for Everyone" and "Travels with My Aunt."
Aug. 31: One performance, at noon, of "Romeo and Juliet."
Sept. 1: "Ulysses" and "Tropic of Cancer."
Sept. 2: "El Topo" and "Greaser's Palace."
Sept. 3: "She" and "The Old Dark House."
Sept. 4: "King of Hearts" and "Brewster McCloud."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Russian Roulette."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
"King Lear."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Aug. 27: "Hennessy."
From Aug. 28: "The Sound of Music."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Jolson Story."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Sept. 2: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Bambi."
From Sept. 3: "Gone with the Wind."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Towering Inferno."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 27: "Early Spring" and "Late Autumn."
Aug. 28: "All These Women" and "The Devil's Eye."
Aug. 29: "Lacombe, Lucien" and "The Fire Within."
Aug. 30: "Duck Soup" and "The Cocoanuts."
Aug. 31: "The Heiress" and "Daisy Miller."
Sept. 1: "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "Wuthering Heights."
Sept. 2: "Partner" and "The Spider's Stratagem."
Sept. 3: "The End of Summer" and "An Autumn Afternoon."
Sept. 4: "Lost Horizon" and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Charlotte;" X-rated.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Wind and the Lion."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 27: "Blackboard Jungle" and "Edge of the City."
Aug. 28-30: "Bombshell" and "Broadway Melody of 1938."
Aug. 31-Sept. 2: "Alice Adams" and "Mary of Scotland."
From Sept. 3: "The Informer" and "Suspicion."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Return of the Pink Panther" and "Bank Shot."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and **3**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Cooley High."
Theatre 2: "White Line Fever."
Theatre 3: "The Groove Tube" and "Flesh Gordon;" X-rated.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 2: "Animal Crackers" and "The Cocoanuts."
From Sept. 3: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Rollerball."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Sept. 2: "The Wind and the Lion."
From Sept. 3: "The Wilby Conspiracy" and "Report to the Commissioner."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 2: "Shampoo" and "The Stepford Wives."
From Sept. 3: "The Towering Inferno."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Fifteen programs in a series of films directed by John Ford: Aug. 27 at 2: "Cameo Kirby" (1923), with John Gilbert and Gertrude Olmstead. . . . Aug. 28 at 5:30: "Three Bad Men" (1926), with George O'Brien and Olive Borden. . . . Aug. 28 at 8: "Four Sons"

(1928), with Margaret Mann and James Hall. . . . Aug. 29 at 2: "The Iron Horse" (1924), with George O'Brien and Madge Bellamy. . . . Aug. 29 at 5:30 and Aug. 30 at noon: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, and Roddy McDowall. . . . Aug. 30 at 3: "Kentucky Pride" (1925), with Henry B. Walthall and J. Farrell MacDonald. . . . Aug. 30 at 5:30: "Lightnin" (1924), with Madge Bellamy and Jay Hunt. . . . Aug. 31 at 5:30: "The Iron Horse." . . . Sept. 1 at 2: "The Shamrock Handicap" (1926), with Janet Gaynor and Leslie Fenton. . . . Sept. 1 at 5:30: "Hangman's House" (1928), with Victor McLaglen and Hobart Bosworth. . . . Sept. 2 at 5:30: "The Shamrock Handicap." . . . Sept. 3 at 2: "Kentucky Pride." . . . Sept. 4 at 5:30: "Lightnin." . . . Sept. 4 at 8: "The Black Watch" (1929), with Victor McLaglen and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ Other, non-Ford, films scheduled during this period are: Aug. 27 at 5:30: "Wild and Woolly" (1917), directed by John Emerson, with Douglas Fairbanks and Eileen Percy. . . . Aug. 31 at 12:30 and 3: Two programs of animated films made by John Randolph Bray between 1910 and 1926. . . . Sept. 2 at 2 and Sept. 3 at 5:30: "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden and Ernest Borgnine. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Anger, and others. Showings Sept. 2-4 at 6, 8, and 10.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Regency; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—A thirty-five-year-old widow sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality. With Ellen Burstyn, Harvey Keitel, and Kris Kristofferson. Martin Scorsese directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Juliet 1; through Sept. 2.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle and the usual Bergman harem. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (72nd Street East; starting Sept. 3.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse; and Lillian Roth is her daughter, Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (New Yorker; through Sept. 2.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now marriageable daughter, who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 3.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that the children in the audience identify with him, and when his mother is killed by hunters, small children start to scream and cry. Though it all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Félice, this isn't much help to the upset kids in the audience. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through Sept. 2.)

Bank Shot (1974)—Directed by Gower Champion, this bank-heist story is a vehicular dream: enormous earthmovers, driven with great zest by George C. Scott to escape from a maximum-security prison; a golf cart housing an infuriated prison warden (Clifton James); a bank for senior citizens that is set on wheels and translated into a mobile home by a gang of bank robbers bent on their criminal task as if it were a problem in calculus. The film ends facetiously, and it has some moments when characters go through complicated maneuvers for laughs; all the same, a droll movie of its kind. (8/12/74) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 27-28.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Guild.)

Beyond the Door—With Juliet Mills and Richard Johnson, directed by Oliver Hellman. (Murray Hill, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because, despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most interesting and least cloying of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express." With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, and Richard Loo. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

Blackboard Jungle (1955)—Based on a novel by Evan Hunter, and with a mostly sensible and sage screenplay by the director, Richard Brooks. About a wild bunch of city school kids who torment authority with rape, mayhem, and gutter witticisms. The hero blithely believes that teaching is a creative activity, and tries to inculcate a love of Eng. Lit. in class. His good will is much strained, but he is of a rare breed. With Glenn Ford and Anne Francis, plus some welcome horse sense from Louis Calhern. The usual cop-out of films about delinquency (including this one) occurs in the plot, which says that the answer is to weed out the savable from the beyond hope; the glibness of the story incites easy cynicism in an audience. (Regency; Aug. 27.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 30-31.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the gangster she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler as a detective, and Cecil Cunningham as a night-club hostess. (Elgin; Aug. 29.)

Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star. Also with Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed rather raucously, but from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (Regency; Aug. 28-30.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly, but it's clearly a trial run for some of the effects that Altman brings off in "Nashville." (Elgin; Sept. 4.)

Broadway Melody of 1938—An M-G-M musical with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, but not at their top, and the director is Roy Del Ruth. (Regency; Aug. 28-30.)

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—A palimpsest film documentary about the Great Depression, mixing clips of reportage, staged newsreels, home movies, and feature films. The two anchormen, so to speak, are Franklin Roosevelt and James Cagney. We see much piercing stuff: unfamiliar Roosevelt moments of irony; a statement by the very young Orson Welles about the impact of the Mercury Theatre's radio production of "The War of the Worlds;" De Mille yelling at extras, "Come on now . . . be a nation;" interviews with farmers about crop failures; the dead Dillinger's thin father saying, "I tried to raise him right." The director, obviously diligent in research, is Philippe Mora. He belies the seriousness of his purpose by deciding to give the audience practically no identifying sub-

The Eraser, 1975.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

titles: we need dates, credits, and some indication of whether what we are looking at is fact, staged fact, or fiction. But see the film. (8/18/75) (Plaza.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 27.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (New Yorker; through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

Cooley High—A gentle-natured but light-minded and secondhand film about a group of black high-school kids whose escapades are important now mostly because the movie is set in 1964, which bestows a bogus dramatic irony. Directed, heftily, by Michael Schultz. (Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

Coonskin—Full-length animated and photographed film by Ralph Bakshi (of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic"). Made in lewd honor of Manhattan, in the guise of a version of a Brer Rabbit story: full of mocked stereotypes of every sort. A certain vindictiveness is handed out to blacks, homosexuals, the Mafia, tarts, and WASPS alike, not with the neat-slicing political venom of George Grosz but with an obstreperousness unique to Bakshi. Visually fascinating, especially when the movie does things quietly, which is to say that a work whose whole premise is its exuberance slows down to achieve its best. (8/25/75) (Trans-Lux East.)

Daisy Miller (1974)—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 3.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

The Dragon Flies—A kung-fu film. Directed by Brian Trenchard-Smith. (Loews Ciné.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

Early Spring (1956)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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31	1	2	3	4		

Edge of the City (1957)—Sidney Poitier is startlingly good as an intelligent, easygoing foreman on the docks who is destroyed by his friendship with a weak, unstable white man (John Cassavetes). Martin Ritt, directing his first movie, sustains the tension with great skill but cannot resist clinching the case with gratuitous violence, and the author, Robert Alan Aurthur (adapting his own television play, "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall"), works with such precision that he reduces his subject to pat melodrama. However, it's a solid, often powerful movie. With Jack Warden and Ruby Dee. The music is by Leonard Rosenman; when he completed the score, he must have cut another notch on his gun—he's certainly out to slaughter the audience. (Regency; Aug. 27.)

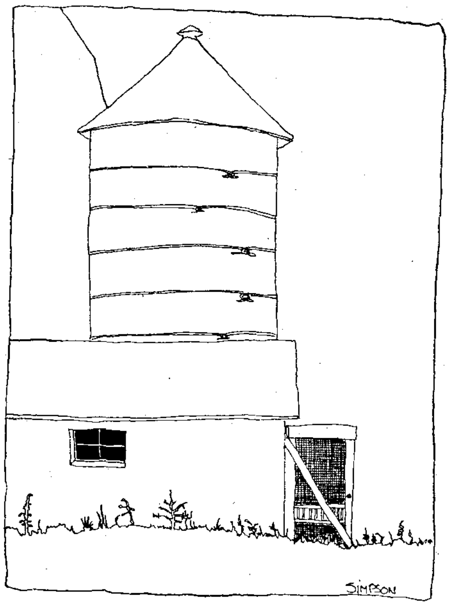
The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 3.)

Escape to Witch Mountain—From the Disney studios, with Eddie Albert, Ray Milland, and Donald Pleasence, directed by John Hough. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through Sept. 2.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Coronet.)

Farewell, My Lovely—Based on the Raymond Chandler novel, with Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe. Directed by Dick Richards. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

Far from the Madding Crowd (1967)—John Schlesinger's least typical film. An unsuccessful, misconceived attempt to bring the great Hardy novel to the screen, but in some ways a very beautiful film. A botch, but you can feel that it was made with love. With Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. Dorset stands in for Wessex. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 1.)



The Firefly (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones in a lavish musical monstrosity from M-G-M. Strictly for those who are prepared to listen to such songs as "Love Is Like a Firefly" and "He Who Loves and Runs Away" and "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart"—and, of course, Allan Jones going at "The Donkey Serenade." Rudolf Friml dominates the music department; Robert Z. Leonard directed fairly energetically. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (72nd Street East; through Sept. 2.)

Funny Lady—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppily edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (Juliet 2; through Sept. 2.)

The Gambler—A grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (10/14/74) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 2.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Festival; starting Sept. 3.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny, with none of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Elgin; Sept. 2.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Loews 83rd St.)

The Heiress (1949)—Stage-trapped film of the play that originated in Henry James's "Washington Square," with good performances by Ralph Richardson and Montgomery Clift, and Olivia de Havilland behaving as if Washington Square were only a step away from the Snake Pit. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

Hennessy—A thriller of fervent harmlessness, directed by Don Sharp, about the plan of an Ulsterman named Hennessy (Rod Steiger) to blow up the Houses of Parliament at a State Opening. The Home Secretary (Peter Copley) takes the threat with deep-breathing seriousness: "The whole power structure of the nation will be there." So does the I.R.A., which is heavily emphasized as having nothing to do with the scheme. There is a lot of blandly ingenious cutting between the fictional story and the behavior of the Royal Family in a color newsreel of an actual State Opening. The mixture of fiction and reportage is in a special class of frivolous opportunism. (8/4/75) (Music Hall; Aug. 27.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of

Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Informer (1935)—Victor McLaglen in his Academy Award-winning role as Gypo Nolan, the Dublin drunkard who turns stool pigeon and betrays his friend (Wallace Ford) to the police for the reward. The period is 1922, during the Sinn Fein rebellion. This John Ford film, taken from Liam O'Flaherty's fine novel, is perhaps too pure and diagrammatic for modern tastes—Gypo's frenetic, desperate squandering of the reward money, his spasms of fury, of pleasure, of terror, are more clarified than we require now. But if the scenarist, Dudley Nichols, and the director clinched their points, they also had the discipline to keep the work all of a piece—naïve yet powerful. With Preston Foster, Heather Angel, Una O'Connor, Margot Grahame, Joe Sawyer, and J. M. Kerrigan. The score is by Max Steiner. (Regency; starting Sept. 3.)

It's a Wonderful World (1939)—The title presses the point, and so does the lunatic comedy-mystery. In the role of a tough-minded, devil-may-care poet, Claudette Colbert is forced to strain for laughs; the gag-filled script, by Ben Hecht and Herman J. Mankiewicz, involves her with crooks, cops, amateur actors, and Boy Scouts, and requires her to knock a man out. James Stewart plays opposite her as a detective. With Guy Kibbee, who gets whacked a lot; Ernest Truex, who is almost electrocuted; and Nat Pendleton and Edgar Kennedy. W. S. Van Dyke directed. It's fast-paced but far from memorable. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3-4.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Jolson Story (1946)—Larry Parks plays Al Jolson as a living embodiment of all the virtues enumerated in the Boy Scout oath. His only conceivable failing is his complete absorption in his work of bringing jazz to the American public. While Parks kneels and wiggles and rolls his eyes, the actual Jolson sings in his familiar gravelling baritone. From most accounts, Al Jolson was about the opposite of everything this picture shows him to be, but despite the pious falsehoods it had enough energy to be a big hit. Directed by Alfred E. Green; with Evelyn Keyes, William Demarest, and Bill Goodwin. (Ziegfeld.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 4.)

King Lear—Kozintsev, who directed the Soviet "Hamlet" with Smoktunovsky, uses Boris Pasternak's translation. Lear is played by Yuri Jarvet, with a look of fragility unexpected in Lears, who are generally like oaks. This is an Old Testament figure capable of both enormous delusion and enormous insight. The film is handsomely imagined, both pictorially and intellectually. Not to be missed. In Russian. (8/11/75) (Bijou.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Aug. 28 and Sept. 4.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 2-3.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

Late Autumn (1960)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27.)

The Little Rascals—Eight of the Hal Roach "Our Gang" shorts, including the 1936 Academy Award winner "Bored of Education." (Cinema Village.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-la, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of three flops. John Ford directed, and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Regency; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Art, and Little Carnegie.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich in her dinner jacket at the peak of her naughty perfection. She sings "What Am I Bid?," and Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper knows just what to offer. This adorably silly, consummately entertaining romance was directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Elgin; Aug. 29.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful, rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too foolish and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 30.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—What are generally sentimentalized as "the little people" are the satiric targets in this famous thirties comedy. According to Ben Hecht, who wrote the

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script, they are boobs and lascivious slobs. They drip crocodile tears over a girl they think is dying of radium poisoning, and enjoy every minute of it. The audience may begin to wonder what makes the reporter hero, Fredric March, and the girl, Carole Lombard—who was by that time "the screwball girl" and the "Duse of daffy comedy"—any better than anyone else. The answer can only be that they, like the author, hate phoniness. William Wellman's direction is more sluggishly paced than usual, but the film has many classic sequences: March's leg being bitten by a small boy; Lombard passing out while showgirls impersonating the heroines of history parade in her honor; and a great slugging match between March and Lombard. With Walter Connolly as the dyspeptic big-city editor, Charles Winninger as the alcoholic small-town doctor, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, in his acting début, and Frank Fay. (The film spawned a Broadway musical, "Hazel Flagg," as well as a movie with Jerry Lewis in the Lombard role.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 30.)

The Old Dark House (1932)—Tremendous fun. This deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the English eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon" but is actually played by a woman.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted;" adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sherriff. (Elgin; Sept. 3.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 2.)

A Pain in the A..—With Lino Ventura and Jacques Brel, directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Partner (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double"—in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 2.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 2.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; starting Sept. 3.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 29-30.)

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Report to the Commissioner—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a twittering blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Thalia; starting Sept. 3.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 2.)

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 8th St. Playhouse, and Symphony.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Elgin; Aug. 31, one performance, at noon.)

Russian Roulette—No click. (Loews Astor Plaza.)

San Francisco (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, courted by Clark Gable, comes carolling out of the appalling San Francisco earthquake in one of her most famous and effulgently absurd scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Olympia; through Sept. 2.)

She (1935)—Hilarious, terrible, essential. Over the land of Kor rules She (Helen Gahagan Douglas, before her political career), kept young throughout five centuries by her Flame of Eternal Youth. The stagey décor of Kor is in the Art Deco style of Radio City Music Hall, and you keep expecting the Rockettes to turn up. The dialogue, however, belongs to an earlier age: She addresses her uncanny subjects with such lines as "You haunters of darkness, how you try my patience!" A pair of tedious lovebirds (Helen Mack and Randolph Scott) intrude upon the realm, and She, who takes a fancy to Scott and plans to make a human sacrifice of her rival, tries one too many dips in the Flame. No one but H. Rider Haggard could have dreamed up the book; Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden directed. The picture is deadly slow, and those lovebirds could try anybody's patience, but camp like this is a rarity. (Elgin; Sept. 3.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 3-4.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Elgin; Aug. 30-31.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. Gigantic sniffles. (Music Hall; starting Aug. 28.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 2.)

The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Olympia; through Sept. 2.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 2.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Regency; starting Sept. 3.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 2.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Columbia II.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; Sept. 2.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script.

(12/30/74) (Playboy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Sept. 3.)

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Elgin; Aug. 30-31.)

TROPIC OF CANCER (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Elgin; Sept. 1.)

THE TWELVE CHAIRS (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Elgin; Aug. 28.)

ULYSSES (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Elgin; Sept. 1.)

VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS (1974)—A Czech film, directed by Jaromil Jires. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 1-2.)

THE VIRGIN SPRING (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 28-29.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—A good-natured, unpretentiously entertaining comedy, with Ginger Rogers (supremely likable here) as a nightclub singer who marries an assistant professor of biology (James Stewart). The movie is about the collision of cultures. When the newlyweds arrive at his college town—Old Sharon—they discuss the problem of breaking the news to his parents (Beulah Bondi and Charles Coburn), and Ginger finds the perfect solution. "You go tell them how wonderful I am," she says, "and I'll come over later." George Stevens directed in a nice, relaxed style; he and the cast (which includes James Ellison, Grady Sutton, Franklin Pangborn, Jack Carson, Willie Best, and Maude Eburne) all seem to enjoy the silliness. P. J. Wolfson and Ernest Pagano did the script, based on I. A. R. Wylie's story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3-4.)

WHITE LINE FEVER—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Kay Lenz, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (Columbia I, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd St.)

THE WILBY CONSPIRACY—With Sidney Poitier and Michael Caine, directed by Ralph Nelson. (Greenwich, and Thalia; starting Sept. 3.)

THE WIND AND THE LION—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Thalia; through Sept. 2.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Samuel Goldwyn produced, Hecht and MacArthur did the script, Gregg Toland was the cinematographer. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, and Leo G. Carroll. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 1.)

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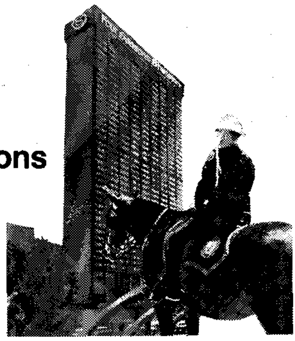

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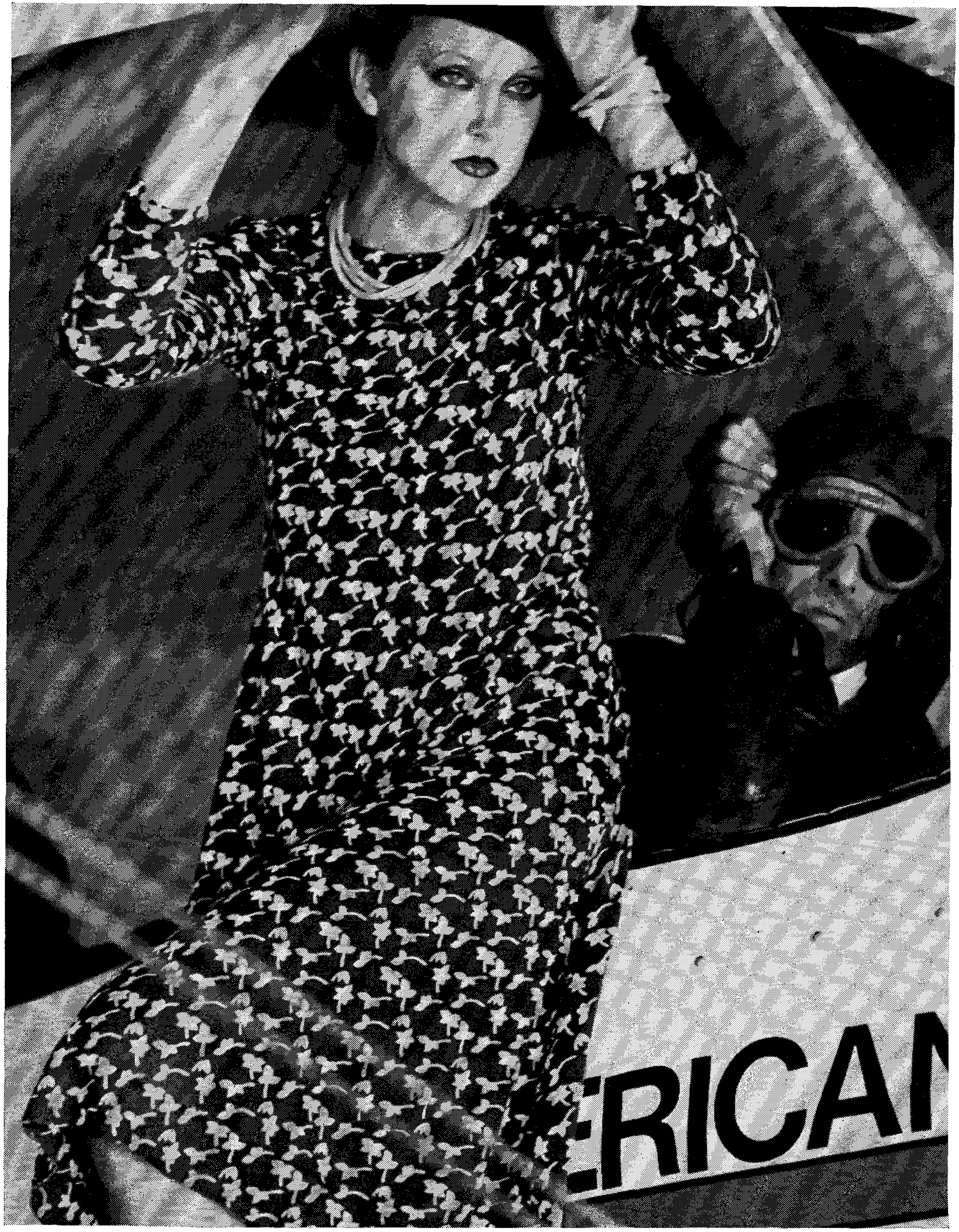

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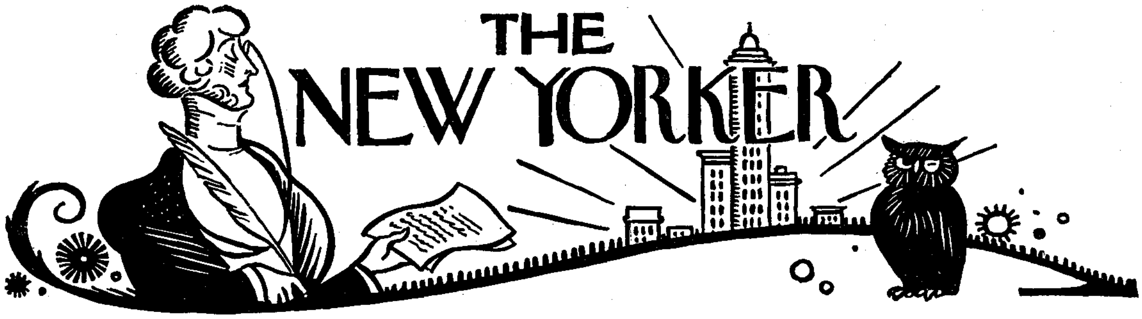


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

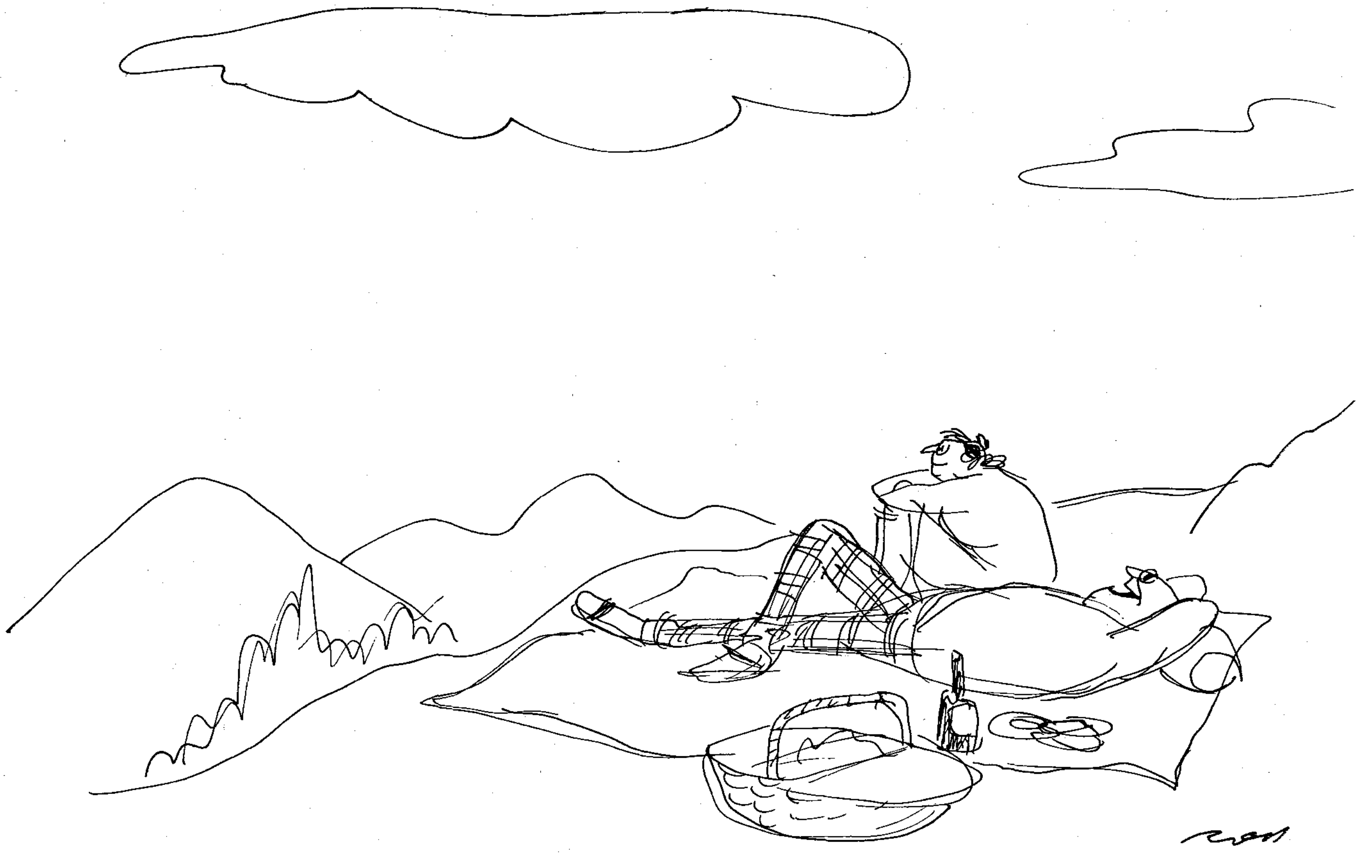
A FRIEND of ours has become preoccupied with people and their gardens. She is not particularly interested in gardening herself, but she is surrounded by people who are, and the differences in their style have become for her a focus of contemplation. For example, her father's garden—vegetables, with flowers around the borders—is stunningly tidy. Each type of vegetable grows in a perfect straight row. The tomatoes—several varieties (including the Early Girl, which begins to yield around the middle of July), to insure a steady supply over a long period—are tied to symmetrical wooden frames. There is not a weed in sight. Her father's garden also happens to be situated on a slope, and he has built terraces, with walls of smooth white rocks, in size somewhere between a stone and a boulder, which are to be found on the beaches of the North Shore of Long Island. Since storms move the rocks up and down the beach quite a lot, this project often entailed lugging them a long way to the car before carrying them up the steep hill on which his house is built. The terracing was not absolutely necessary, although it does help the soil to retain moisture. The rocks were certainly not necessary in order to terrace the garden, although the job is better with them than it would be without, and their sea-blanched color has a startling, incongruous beauty in this green setting. In admiring his handiwork, our friend remarked to her father that his garden was like an Italian one, whereupon he looked a little affronted and said he had thought of it as like New England. The daughter does not recall having seen many terraced gardens in New England, but that hardly matters. Her father is dissatisfied with his house, because it is near a noisy road, and he plans to move when he can find a better one, but he hopes that the owner who comes after him will enjoy the terraces.

Then our friend considers her mother's garden. It lies on flat ground and merges in an indefinite way with the lawn, which has both inroads and independent satellites within the garden. Her mother does not like rows, or the segregation of different kinds of vegetables, or even the broader distinctions between herbs, flowers, and vegetables. Pepper grows next to eggplant, and has a brother beyond a swatch of parsley, and another pleasantly consorting with a congregation of onions. Her mother says that the Italians plant their gardens this way. The daughter, who has been to Italy several times but admits that she does not know that country as intimately as her mother does, came away with a rather different impression. The Italian question is moot, however, for while it is possible that some Florentines or Neapolitans plant gardens in a design like that of a patchwork quilt, the domination in this garden of huge, unruly presences removes it absolutely from that theory of design. There is, for example, a multiple and anarchic tomato plant that sprang to life by itself in the wheelbarrow this spring and now sprawls over the garden bearing three or four extremely unpromising hard, yellowish fruits. Also, there is a roving squash plant that was found in the brush dump on the edge of the property and has produced a profusion of fruits of a pale-green hue, with subtle, elaborate markings (quite unlike any other squash witnesses have ever seen), and many luminous golden flowers, one of which grows at the very end of a particularly adventurous runner that has found its way out of the garden and several feet into the lawn proper, thereby destroying whatever semblance of a boundary might have existed before. The daughter privately believes that this garden is without precedent, but she holds her tongue. This is partly because, near the front walk, a mob of bushy and towering black-eyed Susans, noble savages that loudly announce the presence of the garden (which an inattentive passerby might not recognize and therefore might clumsily damage), stare down, with innocent righteousness, any critical observer.

R. MacMillan

These two gardeners are divorced.

Our friend has tried to come to terms with the two gardens by reaching for conceptual definitions: classicism versus romanticism, for example, or reason versus intuition. She wonders what sort of garden she, the child of such willful, antipodal agriculturists, would herself create, and definitions like these offer a flimsy hope of resolving this crisis of identity. However, none of these abstract ideas hold up very well when she includes one other garden in her inquiry. That is her maternal grandmother's garden. Flowers, primarily large, spectacular roses, grow there, as do vegetables and herbs. The different kinds of plants are not all mixed up but neither are they clearly segregated; they grow in groups together. A first impression of this garden is of lushness and joyous abandon—of a romantic, intuitive creation,



"It's days like this that make you proud to be an American."

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almost overgrown—but on closer inspection a firm underlying order becomes evident: the ground is mulched; the tall plants are staked; the roses, exuberant as they are, show signs of pruning; and the flagstone path down the middle to a white iron bench beneath an arbor of wild grapes, while intruded upon by the garden, has nevertheless been kept just barely passable. The dynamic combination of order and anarchy which constitutes the character of this garden is summed up, perhaps, by a remark our friend's grandmother once made upon learning, to her horror, that her daughter—the whimsical gardener, next door—did not own a functioning clock. "If you will not accept a clock from me," she said after several offers had been refused, "I shall blow up your house."

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A Piece of History

THE Blue Ribbon, a German restaurant on Forty-fourth Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, opened in 1914 and closed a couple of weeks ago. During its long life, it served such illustrious diners as Enrico Caruso, Jussi Bjoerling, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Lauritz Melchior, and such ordinary ones as us. A two-story restaurant decorated with dark oak panelling, dim but fanciful murals, Alpine and Black Forest paintings, and wrought-iron chandeliers, the Blue Ribbon was a comfortable place for lunch or dinner or after-theatre supper. The food was far from superb, but it was decent and reasonably priced, which made the restaurant remarkable by today's standards. When we learned of the Blue Ribbon's demise, we stopped by to see its owner, George Kocolatos, a burly man with a quiet voice and sad eyes, who always looked as if his feet hurt. Apparently, they did, for he was on them at the Blue Ribbon from five o'clock in the morning (when he arrived to bake the rolls and bread for the day) until six o'clock in the evening (when he uneasily left the place in the care of others).

"I've been here for nearly thirty years," he told us as we came into the dark and desolate restaurant one recent morning. "I can't believe this has happened. This place was a piece of history where people came to sit amid dark, comfortable beauty and partake of good food. Now it's all gone."

We asked him how it had happened, and Mr. Kocolatos answered, "In 1966, we signed a ten-year lease. We thought we had security. It was a lease, after all. But it turned out that it was worthless. Sometime after that—we don't know when—U. S. Steel began assembling property in this area, and the Blue Ribbon was part of it. The whole package was tied up in something called a master lease. It was held by a developer, and he went bankrupt two years ago, so the master lease was cancelled. But we didn't know anything about that until last March, when the realty company that is the agent for U. S. Steel gave us thirty days to get out, unless we wanted to stay on a month-to-month basis. We went to a lawyer and found out that master leases are common in real estate. We'd have to refurbish the place, we needed new kitchen equipment, we'd have to negotiate a new labor contract this fall, so a month-to-month setup was impossible. We tried for months to work out some kind of sensible arrangement with the realty people, but they wouldn't listen. So we had to close."

Kocolatos lapsed into a long, gloomy silence, and finally went on, "The steel people, the realty people don't care about New York. They utterly ignore the community, not to mention a man's business, his life. Every parcel of property is merely a parcel of property to them. There aren't any people. People are a thing of the past. Take our employees. There were twenty-seven of them, and some had been here for thirty years. They were trained and skilled, and they stayed here because we are—I mean, we were—established, and that gave them a sense of permanency, of belonging. That's what has been destroyed in this city—any sense of belonging. Or take the City government. The City has a thirty-year plan for this area. In this plan, the theatre district is to run from Forty-fourth Street to Fifty-fourth Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue. The City doesn't care what happens outside that area, it seems. We're east of Broadway by less than half a block, so we don't count. And all the old legitimate theatres east of Broadway have been turned into porno movie houses. That doesn't matter, either. They're outside the planning area. Then, there are the massage parlors—the City's admission that prostitution will be allowed as long as it stays off the streets. And then there are the welfare hotels, which the City fills up with pimps and addicts. None of these outrages concern the City, because they don't fall within the purview of the master plan. The master plan is like the master lease. It is not the legality or illegality, the rationality or irrationality, the decency or indecency that matters. It is just the plan that matters. New York is strangling itself for the sake of such plans—plans that can't work, because in thirty years there won't be anyone here."

On our way out, we asked Kocolatos what U. S. Steel was going to do with the Blue Ribbon. "They're going to board it up," he said.

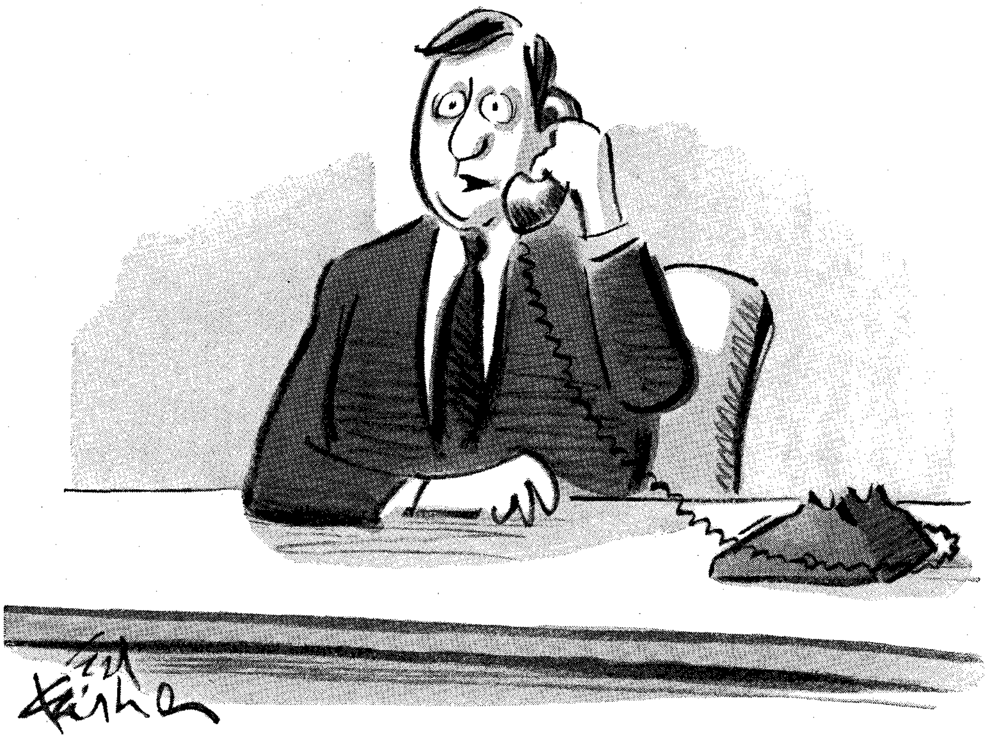
Promotion

IN the lexicon of the entertainment-promotion business, an important verb is "showcase." In its active form, to showcase means to display "talent," to give it public exposure. To be showcased, the passive form, is to be unveiled before a not easily impressed audience. Up in the West Penthouse of the New York Hilton, the other afternoon, a song-and-dance group called Twentieth Century was being showcased during a cocktail party at the annual convention of the International Promoters Organization. The I.P.O., which is not really a big organization, didn't draw a big convention crowd to town—only about seventy-five people, a crowd just large enough to justify renting the West Penthouse for the afternoon and just substantial enough for Twentieth Century to be properly showcased.

While Twentieth Century did its act, which, in addition to songs from every decade since William Howard Taft was President, included a lot of choreographed hand movements, the promoters milled and talked. People differed over whether listening to Twentieth Century was work or play. "A good proportion of our convention here is party time," said Jim Hayes, of Orlando, Florida, a former president of the I.P.O. "It's partly that way because we meet in New York. We've tried to do a convention away from New York, but that just won't work. This is where the action is. The problem, though, is that we're having trouble convincing the ultra-successful promoters—the top New York and California people—that they need us. We need promoters to bind together to hold the line against the rising costs of performers. Actually, our organization has a lot of members who aren't, strictly speaking, promoters. Some of us are building managers; I manage the Orlando Sports Stadium. A promoter is a gambler. A stadium manager who is also a promoter is sort of a halfhearted gambler."

Mr. Hayes said that, like most promoters, he handles a wide range of shows at the Orlando Sports Stadium, including rock concerts, closed-circuit boxing telecasts, circuses, live boxing, and professional wrestling. Unlike a lot of the other promoters in the West Penthouse, Mr. Hayes wasn't wearing a leisure suit, a bright print sports shirt, or anything hanging from a chain around his neck. Instead, he wore a conservative black-and-white checked jacket, a white shirt, and a black tie. This could be a reflection of the sober sophistication of Orlando, a town that has undergone a subtle metamorphosis since Walt Disney World put down roots there. Mr. Hayes betrayed this when he mispronounced "wrestling": he called it "wrestling." Most self-respecting promoters, like Sid Morse, of Saginaw, Michigan, know that the correct pronunciation is "rasslin'."

One of the big money-makers in Saginaw, whose arena seats seventy-three hundred for a rock concert, is the Saginaw Gears, the local entry in the International Hockey League. The Gears have pressing competition throughout Michigan, and if Phil Simon has his way, there's also going to be pro hockey action soon in Grand Rapids, a hundred miles away. Phil Simon once had a hockey franchise in Grand Rapids, and he now intends to get it back. Mr. Simon, who has brought just about every kind of promotable event to Grand Rapids at one time or another, is the chairman of the board and founder of the International Promoters Organization, which is now nine years old. "We organized ourselves because everybody's organized but promoters," he told us. "Agencies,



"Hello. This is Arthur W. Bristol. I'm in at the moment. Please give me your name and state your message, and I will respond to the best of my ability."

stagehands, electricians, performers—everybody's got it together but us, and now we're getting there. We have to be organized, because we take a lot of risks. We're involved in all sorts of things. I played 'Jesus Christ Superstar' as far away as New Orleans; I've got 'Holiday on Ice' for Michigan; I handle rock concerts, closed-circuit Ali fights—you name it." Mr. Simon said that the only act he'd have trouble bringing to Grand Rapids is the President of the United States.

Phil Simon paused to listen to Twentieth Century, who could not be ignored ("This is a working convention, you know, and people like to showcase their talent"), and then introduced us to Tommy Scallen, an employee of the "Holiday on Ice" show, and to Seymour Heller, Liberace's personal manager and a speaker at the convention. "We've just started to take in artist-management people like Seymour Heller as associate members," Mr. Simon explained.

"I've had Liberace for twenty-five years, a great lounge act called the Treniers for thirty, Debbie Reynolds for two years, and I'm working on Ginger Rogers," Mr. Heller said. "I'm here to talk about personal management; I want to convince the promoters that there should be a closer relationship between promoters and managers. It's just not enough for a talent agency to sell a guy a client. There has to be followup. Most of the agencies today don't know what to do—they don't know who's who. You get fliers, you get pictures. Big deal! I just heard a story about some guy who was told by some agency that they can get So-and-So, the pianist, but then they sent out the same pictures of the guy that they were sending out ten years ago. That's ridiculous. I send out a new Liberace every year. This is a serious problem." Phil Simon and Tommy Scallen agreed, as did Bob Jellen, a vice-president of Albert G. Ruben & Company, purveyors of non-appearance insurance. ("Death, sickness, acts of God, whims of artists," Mr. Jellen said.)

Tommy Scallen mourned the decline of professionalism in the promotion business. "Everybody wants to be a rock-and-roll promoter these days," he complained. "Anybody who inherits money tries to go into the business. These guys go and buy talent at too high a price. You're talking with a show that turns out to be a stiff about dropping a hundred grand in a single night. The parent company of 'Holiday on Ice' went in for a bit of rock and roll at one point, but we learned our lesson. There are only about eight big rock-and-roll promoters in the country right now."

At this point, Twentieth Century had finished its set and was heading for the door, and we began to do the same. A young man in a purple shirt and a yellow suit, with a lapel button containing a photograph of a dark-haired man with a goatee, stopped us and introduced himself: "Clint Billups, talent consultant." He pointed at the button and said, "This is John Kolisch, the great mentalist and hypnotist. A while back, he was blindfolded and put on an expressway outside Washington, and he drove around for a while. Fabulous E.S.P. He's being showcased tomorrow night. Stick around." Then he pulled a John Kolisch button from his pocket and gave it to us. We told him we hoped it wasn't his last. Clint Billups said, "Are you kidding?"

Halfway to Philly

SEVENTY-THREE miles from the city, more than halfway to Philly, Great Adventure, a two-year-old, ninety-five-million-dollar amusement and safari park—created and designed by Warner LeRoy, the son of Mervyn LeRoy, who was director of "The Wizard of Oz," "Quo Vadis?," and "Mister Roberts," and a great-nephew of Jack Warner, and in this way distantly related to the Warner Bros. Jungle Habitat, his major competitor—coexists with the Pine Barrens of south Jersey. Last Tuesday, when blue skies pulled in a record-breaking crowd of over thirty thousand vacationers, the Great Adventure traffic jam in the right lane of Interstate 195 began two miles away. It was the first Great Adventure line of the day, and for fifteen minutes we had a great view of the two-tier brake lights of a station wagon from Connecticut. A sign told us to tune our radio to 640, and we had enough time to listen to three run-throughs of a tape loop recorded for Great Adventure by a voice that told us the rules: Sorry, no pets allowed in the safari park, convertible owners must transfer to the special convertible owners' bus, all antennae must be lowered to no higher than a foot and a half "before one of our animals does," and "there's just one more rule—enjoy yourself." His voice faded briefly on a squirt of circus music.

It costs seven-seventy-five a head to get into the Enchanted Forest, the amusement-park part of Great Adventure, and it's four-fifty for the safari park, or nine-fifty for the two. Children under four free. The traffic jam had decided on the safari park, so we went first to the Enchanted Forest, where a two-million-two-hundred-thousand-dollar hydro flume was being inaugurated by representatives of the Philadelphia radio stations, and where, too, Walt (No-Neck) Williams, of the Yankees, was putting on a baseball clinic. A guard spotted a bag of teething cookies in the carryall of a grandmother standing in front of us in the line to get in. (This is the line that comes after the line to buy your tickets.)

"No food," said the guard. "You can't bring food into the park."

"But these are the baby's cookies."

"Well, you can't bring them in."

"Well, I guess I'll just have to throw them away. My car's a half mile back there."

The guard pointed to a conveniently situated trash can, which contained previously confiscated foodstuffs—a bag of pretzels, a couple of oranges.

Right inside the main gate is Dream Street, and the first hundred feet of Dream Street house four hefty souvenir pavilions, each one big enough to hold a Learjet. All four pavilions sell the kind of camera film Henry Fonda advertises on TV. Dream Street is lined with trees, and around the base of each tree is a square of glued-down gravel. This somehow gives you the feeling of being indoors. The line at the Yum Yum Palace and the line at the Italian-ices cart urged us toward the Garden of Eatin', but that is reserved for parties of a hundred or more, so the Fountain Seafood Café caught us on the rebound—basket of fried-clam strips ($1.95), large Coke (55¢). It was time to join the line for the hydro flume.

"Taken any pictures yet, Dad?" said a kid in front of us in the hydro-flume line.

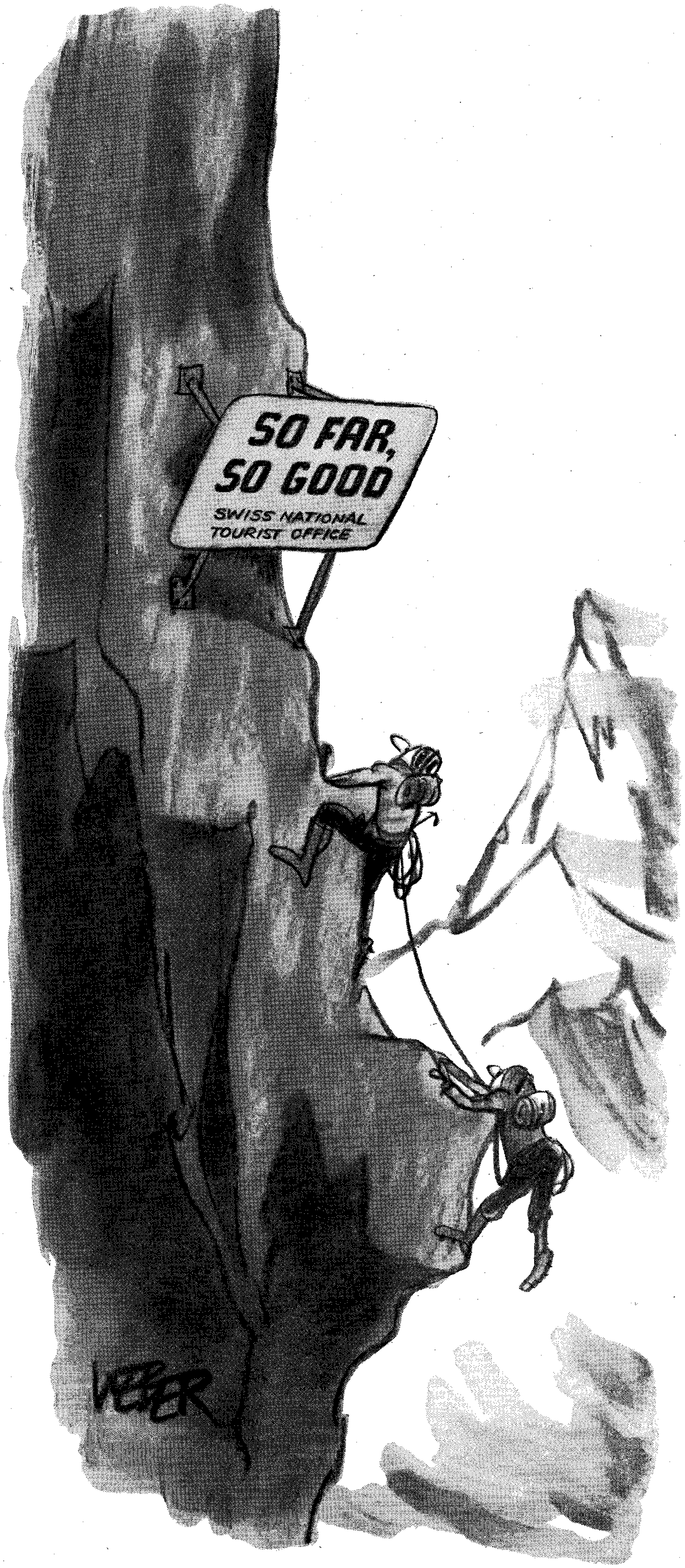
"Nothing to take, Jim."

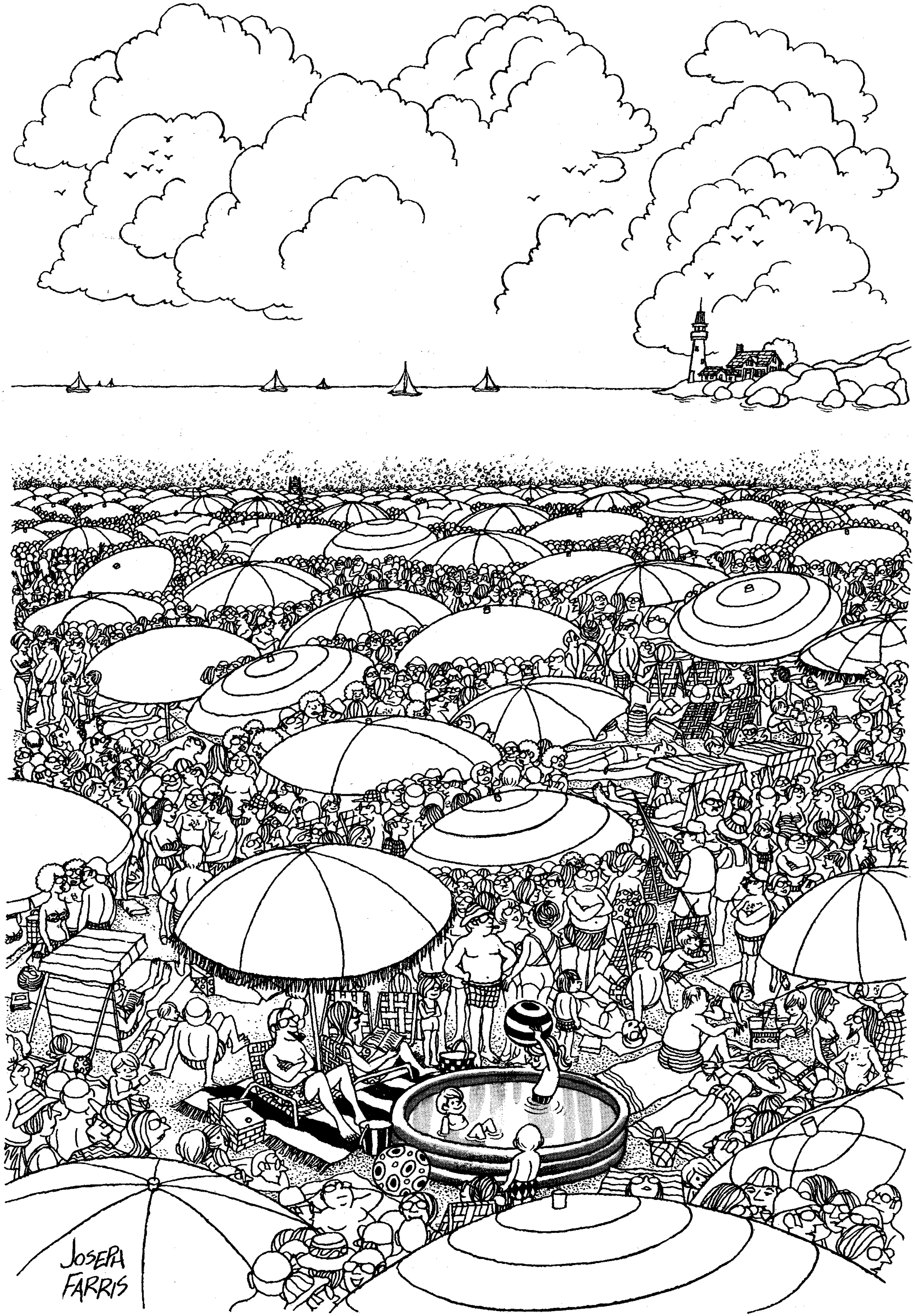
The hydro-flume line occupies a hundred square feet, and you get to the front of it by going left-to-right and right-to-left in a series of sixteen lateral metal-fenced loops. You get to know the people in front of you and behind you, because you keep passing them in either direction for almost an hour. It is rather like one of those puzzles that require you to rearrange fifteen squares in sixteen spaces. To our surprise, no fights broke out in the hydro-flume line. The Enchanted Forest is not so much an A-musement Park as a B-musement Park.

The hydro flume itself takes three and a half minutes. You sit single file in a little boat with "a hydrofoil-type hull," you are taken on two conveyor belts a hundred feet in the air, you go around three curves, and then you skid down about a hundred feet and get splashed, and then you get out. The skid part, which is a lot of fun, lasts five seconds. The flume looks like a ride constructed out of Hendon swimming pools.

The safari park is a bargain. Over two thousand representatives of more than ninety species of animals, all of whom look as if they enjoyed their job, saunter in front of slowly crawling, tightly sealed, antennae-withdrawn cars. You see bears swimming, bears running, bears climbing trees, rhinoceroses butting each other for the hell of it, tigers swimming, leopards stalking each other, ostriches looking squinty. Vinyl-roofed cars are required to use the Baboon Bypass, because baboons—Great Adventure's most popular animals—eat vinyl. The baboons inspect all the other cars for stray pieces of vinyl anyway, and they also like to look at their reflections in shiny bumpers. Whole families of baboons like to hitch rides on the roofs of cars, and a guard in a bush outfit stands at the far end of the baboon enclosure with a BB gun to keep the baboons within the bounds of Warner LeRoy's imagination.

Great Adventure occupies fifteen hundred acres, in part bought from Stanley Switlik, the Parachute King.




JOSEPH FARRIS

SPLITTING UP

THE bedroom floor creaks alarmingly when Albert does his push-ups. What if it gave way and he descended, outstretched, into the apartment below like a poorly coördinated Quattrocento angel? Suppose he crashed through a number of apartments in a hail of lath, plaster, Sheetrock, excelsior, whatever's in there, his undershorts fluttering, wearing what an astonished succession of tenants took to be an insipid smile but what was in fact an artistic convention.

This, he realizes, is preposterous; he lives on the third floor. Plummeting through *two* apartments to fetch up in a boiler room wouldn't be worth the pain and suffering, regardless of the sensation he caused. Worse, there might be nobody at home. To drop unnoticed through vacant rooms seems to Albert to be an act that could only lower one's spirits. He imagines such a melancholy descent, past shuddering rhododendron that had seen better days and bunched upholstery from which appalled cats shot up.

Then this idea comes to him: What if one found oneself falling through one's former apartments, the earliest bottommost, as though they were embedded in geological strata? He might flash by Violet, his semi-ex-wife, and his stepson and stepdaughter doing a jigsaw puzzle of "The Death of Sardanapalus" in a newly renov 3 BR w/wbf, A/C, brk walls, and 24-hr secu, imploring their forgiveness, signifying his inadvertence, regret, dismay, whatever, and gathering, amid a blizzard of fragmented slaves and concubines, that they had interpreted his wild gestures as an unsuccessful attempt to execute a forward two-and-a-half with a twist or similar dive with a high degree of difficulty. Mindful that Schopenhauer said you could no more express two thoughts at the same time than think them, he will strive for intelligibility in the charming duplex overlookg gdns w/clsts galore, but plunging into a darkened bedroom he makes out Violet, her face smoother, her trust intact, sleeping on her side, the fingers of her left hand clasping those of the man who lies next to her, his arm thrust between her thighs, and who Albert assumes is himself. (This arrangement of limbs is conjectural; a sheet nearly covers them. As though restoring his own ruined work, Albert fearfully extends and entwines.)

The phone rings, and he is left hanging in air.

"Albert, you're a patsy."

It's his father, an attorney-at-law, *in re* the separation agreement. Albert pictures him in his office, light flashing off framed citations from charitable organizations, holding his ancient, heavy handset with one hand, a pencil poised in the other, in case he has to make "notations." These he always "jots down" on irregular scraps of paper he produces from a mysterious supply.

"You have an overgenerous nature," his father goes on. "You're throwing away your future. You're depriving me of negotiating room."

Once again Albert has the impression that it is his father and Violet who are separating, and that his vain function is to mediate their differences.

"I'm getting together with her attorney," his father is saying, "but if that young whippersnapper thinks I'm going to traipse all the way down to lower Broadway, he . . . I know the building. No one has offices there anymore."

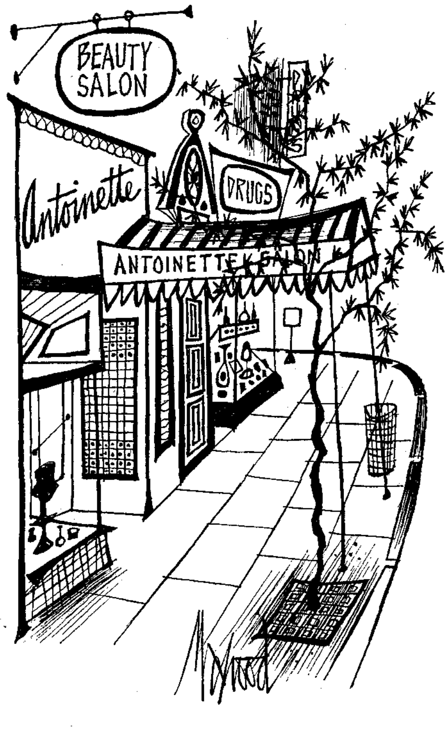
Albert summons up a dim lobby with cracked marble facing, his father scrutinizing the directory as though it were a corrupt text.

"Albert, why are you breathing so hard?" It's his mother, on the extension.

"I was in the midst of my push-ups."

"Don't overtax yourself in this difficult period. If you're having dinner with us tomorrow, come before six. That way you and Dad can listen to the news together."

Albert falls through brite, lux 1½s in which he had hummed more frequently than he realized—in one sep kit a naked woman on the verge of tears, whom he can't place, is patting bacon with a paper towel—before crashing into a series of spacious 7 rms w/hi ceils and w/w cptg where his parents, ever younger, are listening to the news. How do they react to their son's barging in on them this way? In the first apartment, his mother begs Albert to shield his eyes if he intends to keep this up, as they are his most precious asset; his father irritably raises the volume; a comic maid drops a tray and says "Lawdy!" In the second apartment, his mother tells Albert he ought to treat himself to some decent underwear, since he will undoubtedly come under the scrutiny of strangers; his father makes a face in response to her suggestion, but it is unclear what has displeased him, form or content; a different comic maid drops a tray and says "Lawdy!" In the third apartment, his parents stare blankly at the intruder. They have failed to associate the grieving, dishevelled middle-aged man with the child in the next room; so, Albert painfully concludes, has he.



"AS we periodically fall, demanding explanations from the past, like great clouds of gnats, words irresistibly rise from the pages where they had so restlessly teemed," Albert informs Violet after tracking her down in the International. Pushing her cart through the narrow aisles, he marks how the supermarket resembles a catacomb. He goes on, talking to her back as she hefts cantaloupes like skulls: "They get in our ears, our eyes, our noses, maddening us; we submit to their high, insistent buzzing—"

"Gnats are inarticulate, Albert," Violet says, holding a cantaloupe to her ear, thumping it, listening for the resonant note of ripeness, which he has never been able to distinguish.

Albert says, "Furthermore, in the next to last apartment I caught a glimpse of myself. I was four."

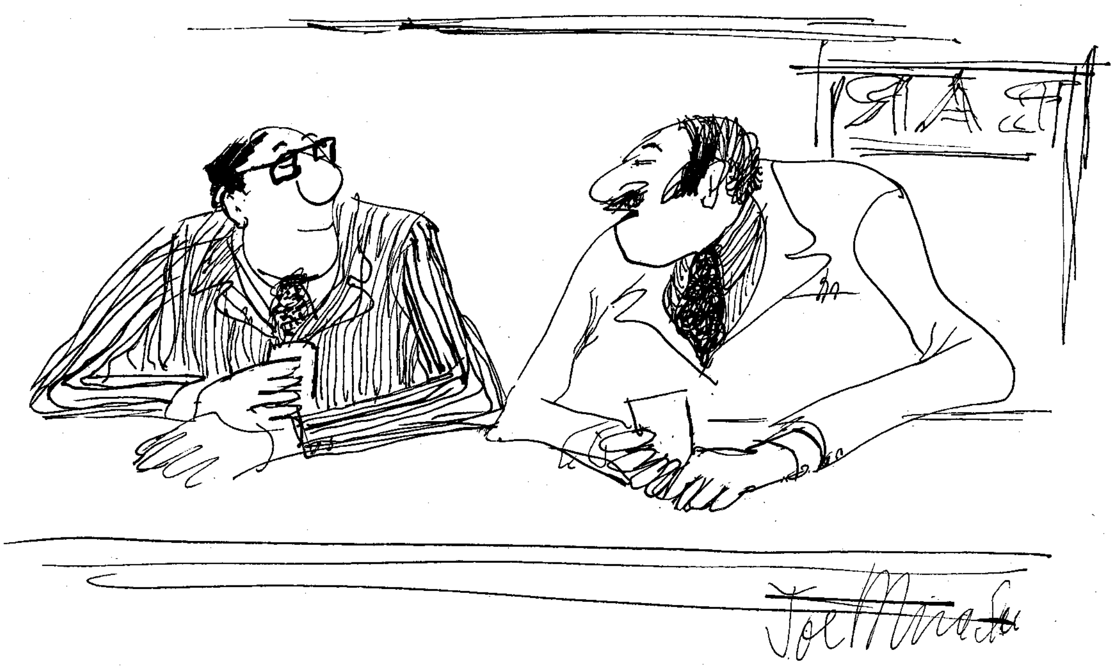
She shoves the cantaloupe under his nose. "Now breathe deeply, Albert."

"You know the porcelain heron on the lamp in the living room? I was stroking its feathers, as though I could warm it to life."

"It won't work," she says. "I tried it on you for eleven years. Can you smell it, Albert?"

"No. And don't make me squeeze any pears." He is unreasonably bereft. "I can't tell the difference."

"Oh, Albert. 'By what we do we know what we are, just as by what



"The way I see it, Craig, people like us have to be wary at all times against becoming too liberal."

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we suffer we know what we deserve.' "

"Who said that?"

"Buzz, buzz. Schopenhauer."

NOW, *aetat.* forty-five, Albert stands in the shower energetically shaking a bottle of shampoo under the impression it is Italian dressing. It has just struck him that Violet and he have not discussed who is going to get the Instamatic. This came to him during his precipitate tour of the past, for Violet and he are still imprisoned upside down in the back of the camera, a roll started at Truro the summer before not having been finished. Albert recalls posing for the last shot. "Stick your nose in my ear," he had whispered. Violet has a long, shapely nose, like the Comtesse de Noailles. "I'm not putting it in there anymore," she had hissed back. So they were condemned to hang from their heels apart—not, admittedly, for eternity, but until the emulsion deteriorated.

This puts Albert in mind of the fact that in ancient libraries books were chained to desks. He imagines them straining to get loose, snapping in Latin. Or a group of restless scholars, books in hand, pacing around a desk, punctiliously raising or lowering their chains to allow a colleague to pass under or step over; or, lost in thought, neglecting this courtesy, so that they become bound together in a great ball; or one absently wandering to the end of his tether and being jerked off his feet, as if emphasizing that knowledge has its limits.

Parallels may be drawn with the state of marriage, Albert reflects, brushing his teeth. Before he and Violet separated, he kept his toothbrushes on the right side of the fixture, hers were on the left; and thus they lay in bed. Now Albert realizes he is so habituated to living in half the available space that he has preserved this arrangement; if she were unexpectedly to rejoin him, the accustomed holes would be free to receive her toothbrushes, and she could slip between the sheets in the dark without asking him to shove over.

So, in fact, she often had come to bed in the last days of their marriage. If she wasn't home when Albert was ready to turn out the light, he would start calling the three bars she frequented. When she came to the phone, he would say, "When do you want me to set the alarm?"

If his father knew that this sort of thing had gone on, it would only confirm his opinion that Violet had let him down, and he would say to Albert, "You've effectively tied my hands on the alimony by mentioning a figure when I asked you to refrain from making any offers, but I'm not going to let you fork over a lump sum up front."

"I just want to do what's fair," Albert would say.

"Fair, fair, you've been fair. Now you're being guilty. What have you to feel guilty about? Who started it?"

"I told you—it was virtually simultaneous."

Albert imagines this conversation while watching his father squeeze lemon into his tea as though he were wringing out a bathing suit, and he realizes that a disproportionate amount of his childhood was devoted to wringing out bathing suits under his father's supervision.

"Do you want more coffee, Albert?" his mother asks.

"No."

"Just half a cup?"

"Do you know what the hardest things to get in America are?" Albert says. "A half a cup of coffee and an AM radio you can plug in. I went to a place on Fourteenth Street and said, 'I would like to buy an AM radio you can plug in. No portable, no FM, no police band, no ship-to-shore.' The clerk said, 'I have a very nice radio for thirteen dollars.' I said, 'But that one has a clock. I have a clock. I want a radio without a clock.' The clerk said, 'I'll let you have it for twelve.' I said, 'You're not following me. I want the radio for my bedside table, upon which there is already a clock. What am I supposed to do with two clocks? I want a little, plastic AM radio you don't have to buy batteries for so I can listen to the news. I was raised to listen to the news twice a day. What's happened to those little radios? Where did they all go?' The clerk said, 'It's yours for nine-fifty. Think of it this way: a clock would set you back five, so you're getting the radio for four and a half bucks.' Insofar as a half a cup of coffee is concerned, I defy you to show me a restaurant where you wind up with less than two-thirds of a cup. Three-quarters is the rule."

"I hope you didn't let her have your clock, Albert," his mother says.

"Your mother got that clock for you by depositing five hundred dollars in a savings account," his father says.

"She has the clock," his mother tells his father.

When Albert is getting his coat from the closet, his mother says, "Why don't you try on Uncle Arthur's overcoats?"

Uncle Arthur had died the month before, at the age of eighty-five. His three black coats hang next to Albert's, revealing nothing, as Schopenhauer noted, of the man who wore them.

"Is this a new tactic in your campaign to disparage my overcoat?" Albert says.

"Dad says they're too voluminous for him," his mother says.

Albert fingers a sleeve.

"One hundred per cent cashmere," his mother says. "Uncle Arthur liked to be well turned out."

"He ate in the best restaurants," his father says.

"In his overcoat?" Albert says.

"Maître d's greeted him by name," his mother says. "We had them cleaned, of course."

"What am I going to do with three overcoats?" Albert says.

"You can rotate them," his mother says.

"Allow me," his father says, holding one so Albert can slip it on.

The second is bigger than the first, the third bigger still, as though for some mysterious purpose Uncle Arthur had them made so they could be worn one on top of the other. Albert goes through the pockets in case Uncle Arthur left an explanatory note.

When he gets home, Albert hangs the coats in his hall closet; they suggest the presence of three natty strangers of slightly differing size in his living room. Perhaps, hearing that he was plagued with uncertainty, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, the three faceless men who hire themselves out to philosophers for demonstrations (Smith and the King of France are other members of the firm), have arrayed themselves on his couch, their well-scrubbed hands resting on their knees.

Albert sits on the side of the bed, vaults obliquely into it, and by a series of dexterous movements contrives to wrap himself in the covers—a system perfected by Kant. But he cannot sleep because of the intense cold; Violet has the comforter pending the final agreement. *Les pardessus de mon oncle!* Albert lays the coats, which had been an ornament to so many checkrooms, on top of the blankets and springs back into bed.

The sleeves of the bottommost coat lightly embrace him. "Albert, I want to clear up this coat business for you," Uncle Arthur says. "One's not bigger than the next; what they are is smaller. As you grow older, Albert, you shrink. Take Kant, a great man. He boasted how he'd triumphantly maintained his balance on the slack rope of life for almost eighty years. In the end he was a midget like everybody else. What can I tell you, Albert? I hope you live long enough to see the Cuban embargo lifted so you can get a nice cigar to smoke. Another thing: never overlook the captain; it's not *au fait*. Slip a nicely folded bill into his palm. Don't be too surreptitious. You're not sneaking him a state secret, you're dining out."

This aspect of spying arises again the following morning. Albert and Violet arrange by phone to leave their apartments—they live three blocks apart—at nine-thirty on the dot and meet on Sixth Avenue, Violet to hand over Albert's mail, Albert to hand over Violet's Chinese laundry, which he will have picked up en route. "J 954, green," she says, speaking through a handkerchief to disguise her voice.

When the exchange has taken place, Albert says, "Violet, when are you going to let me come over and get some more of my books?"

"Albert, I told you that leaves holes."

"Holes, holes. You think I don't have any holes in my house? My whole life's full of holes."

"You're not preying on the weakness of women anymore?"

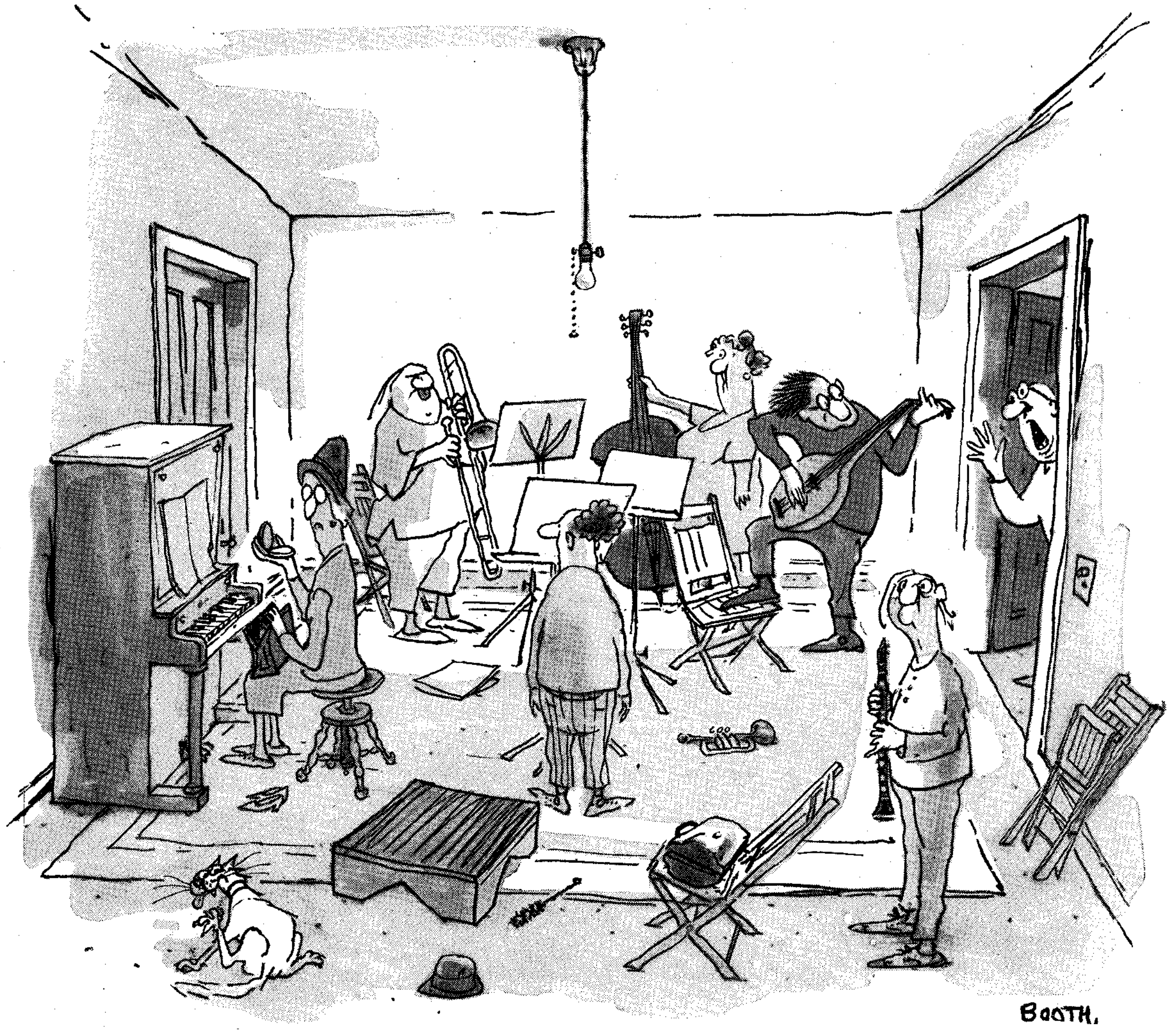
"Actually, Violet, I'm feeding on my own."

"Oh, Albert, you'll utterly consume yourself. There'll be nothing left."

"No, the reverse. I've finally figured out what's going to happen to me."

"Which is?"

"I'm going to become more of what I am. I'll make a deal with you, Violet. If you let me have two shopping bags full of books I'll put



"Rehearsal's off! Our first violinist was apprehended early this morning poaching clams in Great South Bay! The authorities have confiscated her rake and long tongs!"

new bulbs in your ceiling fixtures for you. No, you *like* living in the dark. If Kant lived in the dark, you can live in the dark. Do you want me to string up a rope to help you find the can, or wherever it was he went, hand over hand, as though nightly condemned to scale the same terrible peak, pondering the interaction between the things he bumped into and himself?”

ALBERT takes the train to Connecticut to see his girl friend, the Human Dynamo. She finishes telling him off in her driveway. “You don't play tennis, you don't snow-ski, you don't water-ski, you don't ride a bicycle, you're the last one off the train, you *plod* across the parking lot. Albert, we have nothing in common.”

“I seem to have little in common with anyone,” he says, failing to heave himself out of her sports car on the first try.

He stands beneath the pines in front of her cottage. Before she turns off the headlights, he sees it is beginning to snow.

“And you huff and puff when you make love,” she says, taking his arm. “You should see your face.”

“What would I see?”

“Strain,” says the Human Dynamo. “Anguish. Despair.”

As she lets him in, it strikes Albert that if they stopped seeing each other he'd be stuck with an odd number of eggs. Three weeks ago, when he moved into his own place, she stayed over and had an egg for breakfast. As Albert always has two, there has been an odd number in his refrigerator ever since. Albert foresees this haunting disparity continuing indefinitely; an old man, he opens the refrigerator and sighs, knowing that yet again he will be confronted with five eggs or eleven, as well as her image. On the other hand, Albert reflects that if he hadn't got separated he never would have known how much he valued symmetry.

“The special tonight is spaghetti,” the Human Dynamo announces, setting a pot of water on the stove.

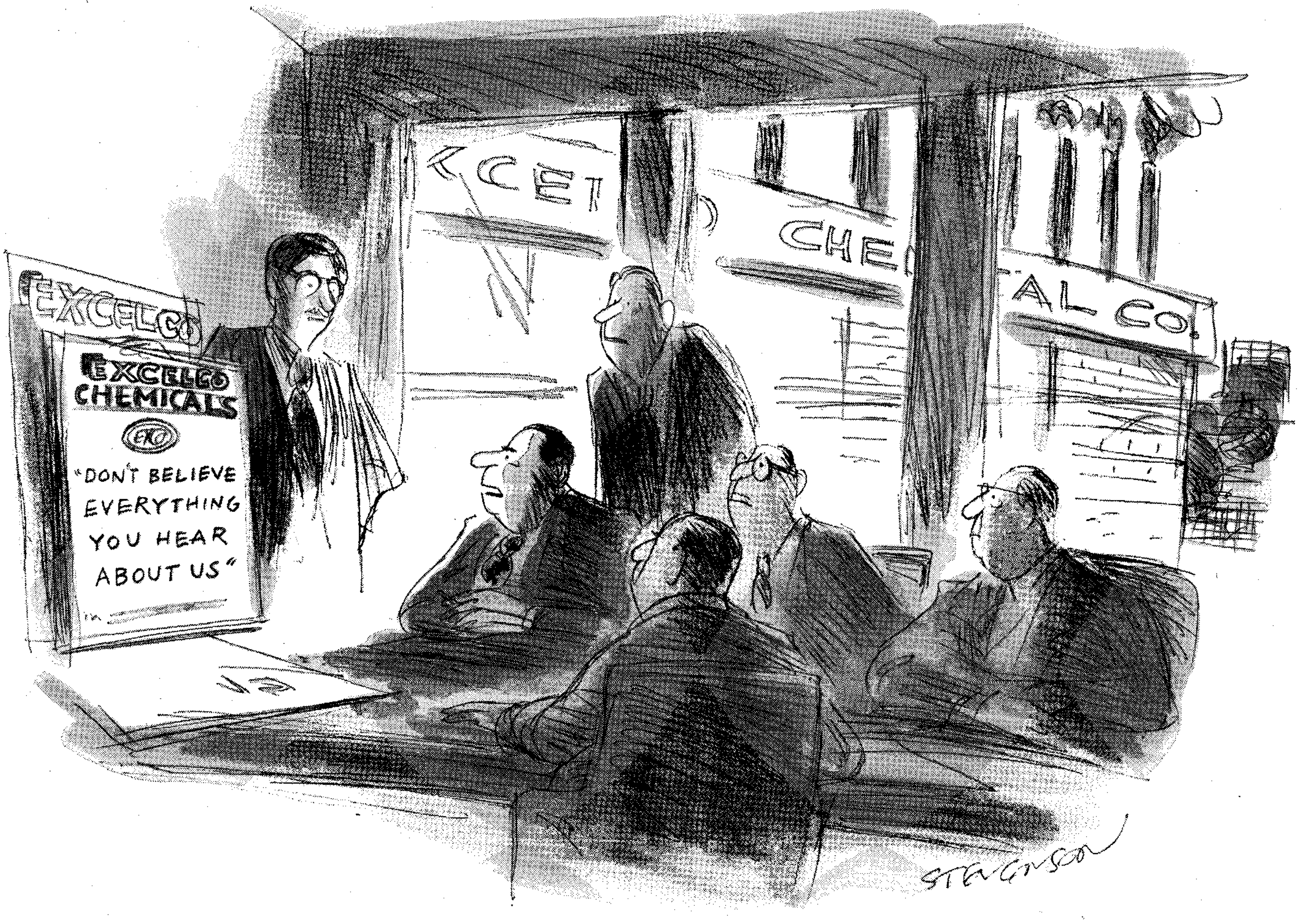
Albert is sitting at the kitchen table in one of Uncle Arthur's overcoats, listening to the news and snipping frost-blackened leaves off a miserable avocado plant. The Human Dynamo keeps her thermostat at fifty-five—the lowest possible setting—to stimulate the circulation; her house is full of stunted or vestigial plants. Albert breathes through his mouth—a practice Kant considered insalubrious—to find out if he can see his breath. It plumes from his mouth like a comic-strip balloon in which nothing is written.

“If you're all that cold, stand by the stove,” she says.

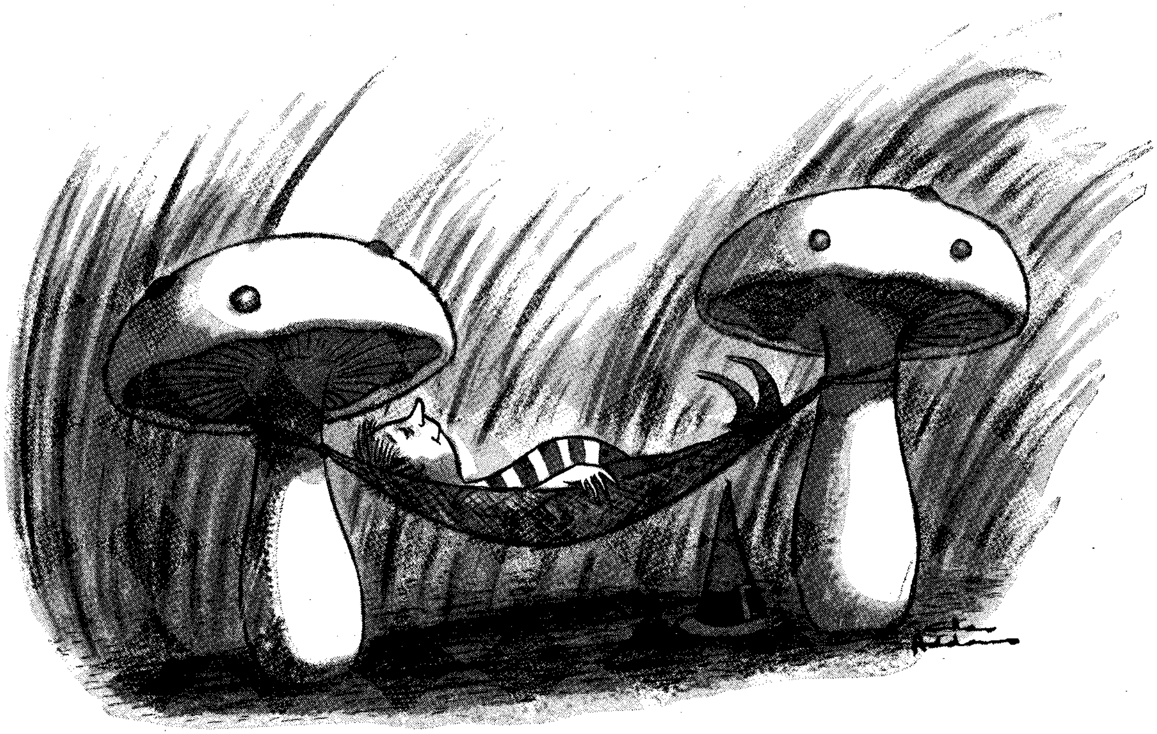
He joins her next to the steaming pot. They are enveloped in a column of romantic vapor. Slipping his hands beneath the Human Dynamo's turtleneck, Albert listens to the boiling spaghetti. The sound is of a dozen pens industriously scratching, and he feels his life has become a mockery.

ALBERT does not believe in causality. Nor does he have any truck with destiny, chance, or sortilege. However, he dabbles in numerology to the extent that he has an “operative number;” this is the term he uses to distinguish it from a lucky number, inasmuch as he does not invoke it for divine audition, to solicit good fortune, but to carry out a pattern. Three, ten, and one hundred are common examples of what might be called operative numbers. We often perform acts in threes or on three, or count to ten or one hundred before taking, or abandoning, action.

Albert's number is thirty-two. In



“Damn it, Hawkins! Can't we be more positive?”



the morning, he counts silently to thirty-two before getting out of bed—or to sixty-four or to ninety-six; in certain situations multiples are admissible. (Albert weighed one hundred and ninety-two pounds until recently, when he went on a diet. Alas, one-sixty is beyond reach.) Going to work, he chooses the subway exit where thirty-two steps lead to the surface; these he ascends with uncharacteristic jauntiness. At his desk he downs his cup of coffee in thirty-two rapid, intense sips; at lunchtime, at the Y, he swims thirty-two laps. Before retiring, he does thirty-two situps, thirty-two pushups, reads thirty-two pages, and turns out the light.

Now, making love to the Human Dynamo, Albert executes one hundred and twenty-eight strokes.

"I can see you moving your lips," she says midway.

Albert awakens early and sits up in bed. Chin in hand, he contemplates the Human Dynamo, whose back protrudes from the disordered covers like the ivory hilt of an ornamental dagger that had been thrust at him in the night and missed. So had Sardanapalus surveyed the tumult and wreckage of his life.

Albert goes to the window; it is still snowing. The cottage is built on a rise; a narrow brook emptying into a pond runs at the bottom of the lawn. These are now frozen. Movement in the second growth on the far side of the brook catches his eye. At first he thinks a little old man is emerging from the wood, carrying each foot to the ground and setting it firmly down, the way Kant got around in his last years. When the man gets clear of the trees, Albert realizes he is in fact an upright and prodigious bird, a great blue heron stalking through the mottling snow. Albert regards its resplendent, metrical approach. As Japanese screens are meant to be viewed while one is seated on the floor and lose something when seen from a standing position, so Albert fears he is too high up to appreciate what is unfolding and rushes downstairs to the kitchen. However, when he gets to the kitchen window, the bird is gone, its tracks filled in with snow.

"Kant was a bird-watcher," the Human Dynamo says when Albert returns to the bedroom. She is standing naked by the window, looking out. "He could distinguish them by their songs. You never sing, Albert," she adds, getting back in bed. "How can you expect anyone to know who you are?"

"I'M being painted," Albert tells Violet on the phone.

"I thought you said it didn't need painting."

"I was mistaken. Peach depresses me. So do hundreds of little ducks."

"What are you talking about, Albert?"

"The wallpaper. They waddle from right to left. It's perverse."

"I don't follow you."

"Like words, life flows from left to right. You open a book with your left hand, you close it with your right. Commuter trains arrive from the left and depart to the right, except at Jamaica, Croton-Harmon, and 125th Street. When men kiss women's breasts, they invariably elect to kiss the nipple to their left first. In the morning you put on the left sock before the right and at night you take them off in the same order. Consider their shape and you will agree that too often they serve as parentheses—which, by the way, Schopenhauer deplored—enclosing yet another day's digression."

"All very well, Albert, but why did you call?"

"To ask whether you'd let me stay with you when they do my bedroom."

"If you bring your pillows."

Several nights later, Albert, wrapped in another of Uncle Arthur's overcoats, plods up Sixth Avenue, a pillow under each arm. This, he thinks, is how I'd have carried my children, if I had had any. When I married Violet her kids were too big to tuck under the arm and break into a run. Emotions have a left-right flow, too, but rarely preserve their character en route, wishes forming at the left and straggling off as disappointments at the right.

—GILBERT ROGIN

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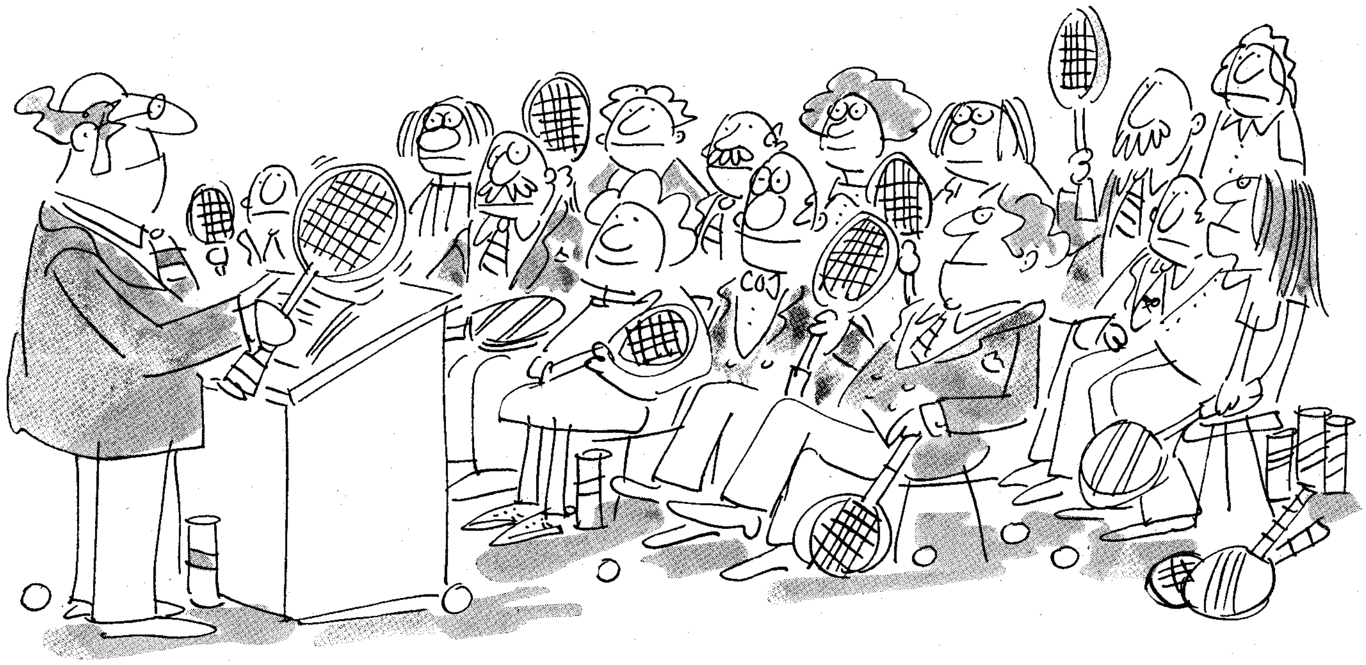
WITHOUT MILITARY NECESSITY

coming across   crossing by heart
menacing I suppose   drawn
to penumbral zones
positions staked out by sleep
I advance to shine among casualties
to shine in the desert night
a lamp of flesh
when the halo has dropped
and a pale moth whirrs
soundlessly around me

advancing behind a skin shade
between cricket passages
wool tufts on metal thorns
rose wounds opened in fur
I crush crisp black tanks
that cross me on scuttling threads
as silence opens its jaws
by the millions

—CAROLYN STOLOFF

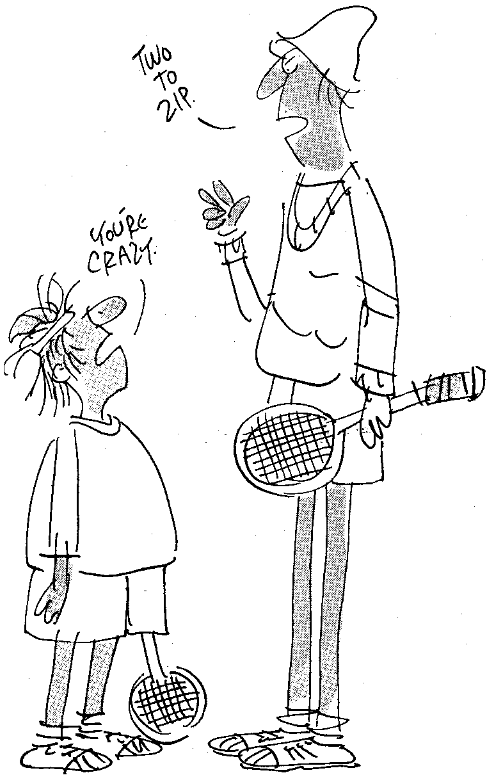
NET CHANGES



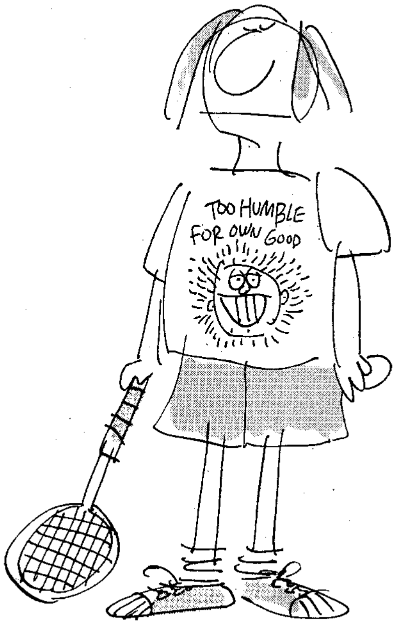
The Rules Committee for the W.R.B.P.T.A. (World Racquet Baseline Players' Tennis Association) announced this week the following rules changes:

Singles

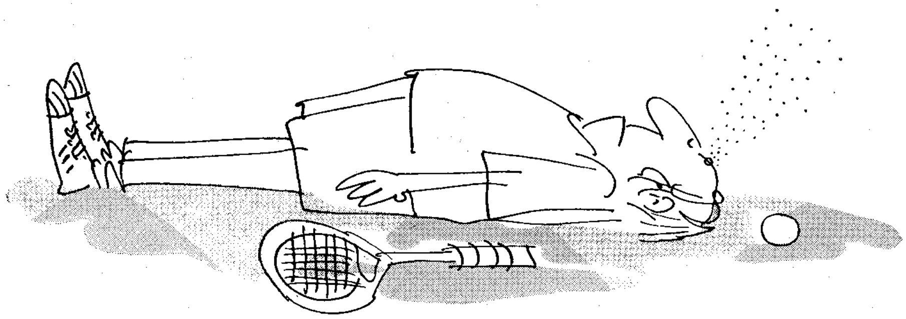
1. Play shall commence only after both players have clearly stated to each other that they are a little out of practice and should take it easy on each other. Should one player say he has a sore shoulder, the other player *must* respond with a brief account of his recent bout with the flu.
2. First service is eliminated. Second serve is an automatic point for *server*, unless:
   a. Receiver of service hits ball in such a manner that it strikes the back fence before bouncing on the ground and either sticks there or rolls into an adjacent court, disrupting a game in progress.
   b. Server is wearing a "gag" T-shirt with writing or artwork in more than two colors, said garment designed to call attention to itself and the wearer.
3. Score of the game shall be kept by the taller player. The correct scoring is: 15–zip, 5–all, little deuce, big deuce, ad me, wrong ad, last chance, and game. (In cases of equal height, degree of tan shall be the deciding factor.)
4. Any player who completely misses the ball on an intended overhead smash must lie down and concentrate on a small imaginary spot on his forehead for two minutes.

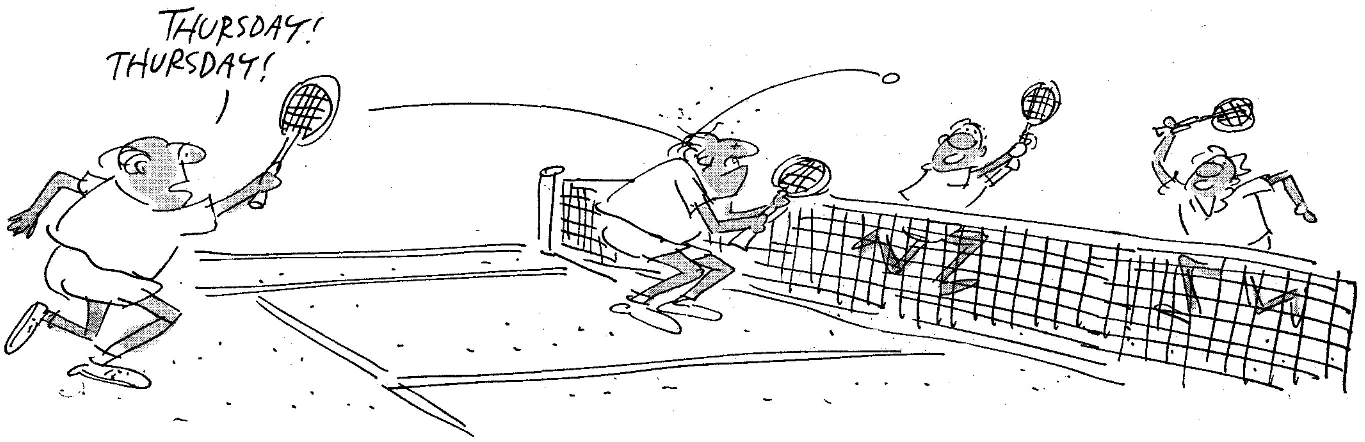


TWO TO ZIP.
YOU'RE CRAZY.



TOO HUMBLE FOR OWN GOOD

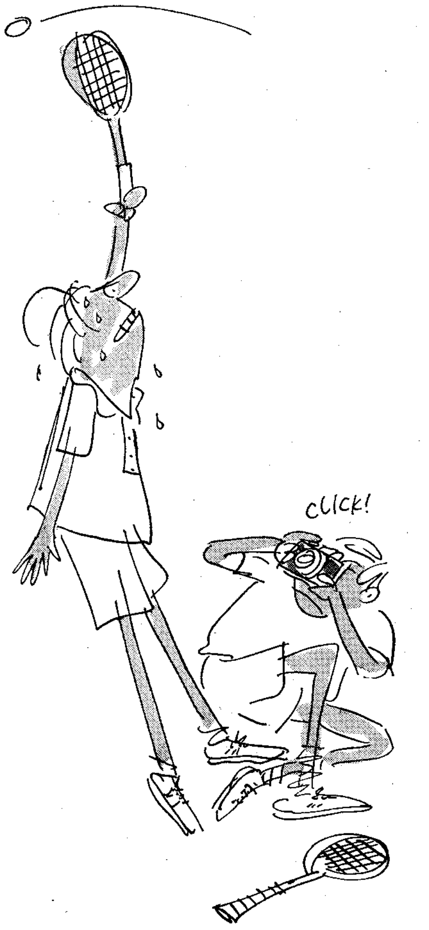


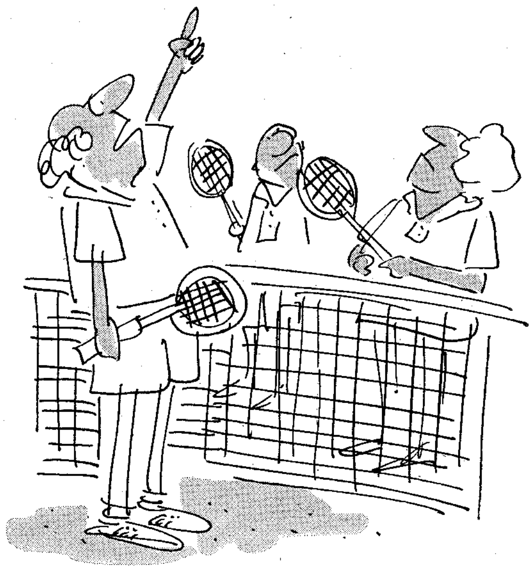

THURSDAY!
THURSDAY!

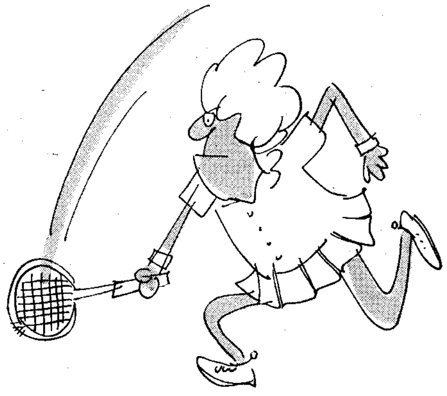
DOUBLES

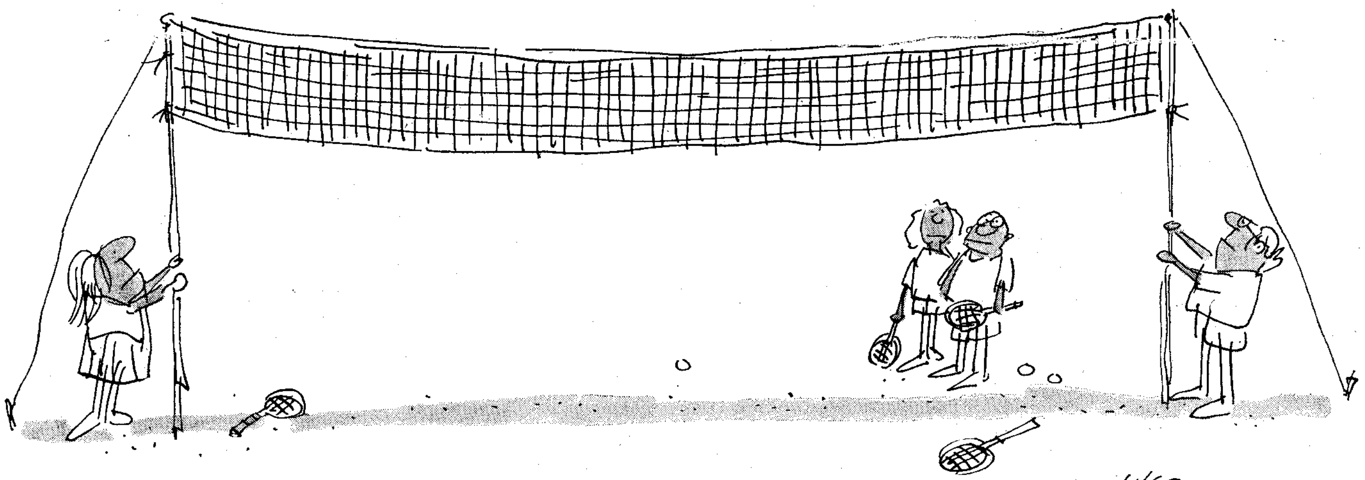
1. Players nearest the net may *not* strike the ball on Tuesday and Thursday. The ball may not strike players on Wednesday and Sunday. Senators and museum guides may not strike the ball on Monday and Friday. Saturday shall be a free day.
2. Returning your partner's serve is O.K. if you first signal your intention by pointing at the sky and yelling, "Red rover! Red rover!"
3. Communicating with your partner is not allowed, unless:
   a. Your partner is hitting a forehand with a downward chopping motion and the ball is hitting you on the foot.
   b. Your partner is photographing the action for post-game analysis.
4. Net shall be raised twenty-two inches after every third game. Poles for this shall be provided by the team then leading. If suitable poles are not produced within fifteen minutes, the score is reversed and the opposing team has an opportunity to raise the net. In the event neither team can "higher the net" (as it's called), a twelve-point tie-breaker is played.

Unresolved questions regarding color-coded baselines, off-court dress, and the new laminated fibre-glass racquet have been tabled for next year's committee.









OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

NOTES FROM A SPANISH VILLAGE

IT is now more than twenty years since I first came across the village—years in which I have returned to it time after time. I hope I may be forgiven for concealing where in Spain it is and what it is called; since the place and its inhabitants have always stubbornly defended their privacy, I would not violate it for the world. The village lies in the mountains, with a distant view of the sea, and is remote but just accessible. It has endured the staggering changes that have overtaken Spain in the last two decades without being ravaged, as many places have been; for me, it has been a mirror of these changes, and it has taught me a great deal. Some years after getting to know the place, and spending different periods of time in it, I bought an abandoned house in the vicinity, high up above the village, in a spot that even the villagers consider remote. In buying the house, I changed from being a visitor without responsibilities to being a preoccupied inhabitant, from looking in from the outside to being on the inside. Besides that, the house's existence added a necessity to returning which had not existed before. I would think about the house, in other places, in other countries, on winter evenings; the thought of a house standing by itself—remote, unoccupied, and unvisited—is strangely perturbing. I bought the house in my son's name, since he was born in Spain and so was able to own property without complications; and we would talk about it, he and I, remembering its sounds, imagining its aura, making lists of things to take there next time, drawing diagrams of alterations we planned to make. It kept Spain in mind for us, and we would pounce on Spanish stories in the newspapers, conscious of the house as an extension of ourselves. Sometimes, on impulse, I would write to our nearest neighbor, a farmer named Jaime, who kept a key and would look in at odd times, and especially after storms, to see that the house stood sound; he never wrote back, except for a laborious Christmas card, but, in any case, we could count on him. The following summer, he could not remember having received any letters. Come to that, he may not have; the village *cartero* is not only the mailman but an itinerant gardener, and in the village they will tell you with great mirth how while he works he is prone to park a bundle of letters in the fork of a tree, where they will be found years later, wound round with growing ivy.

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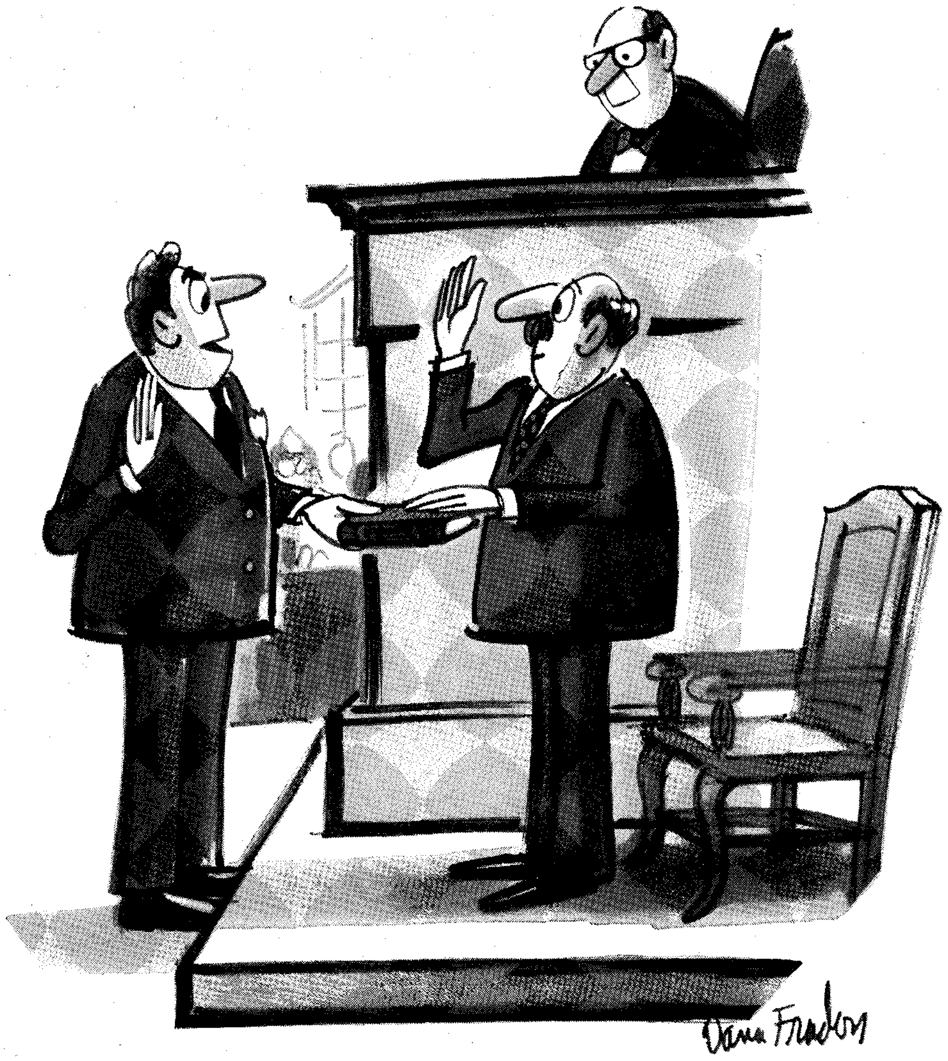
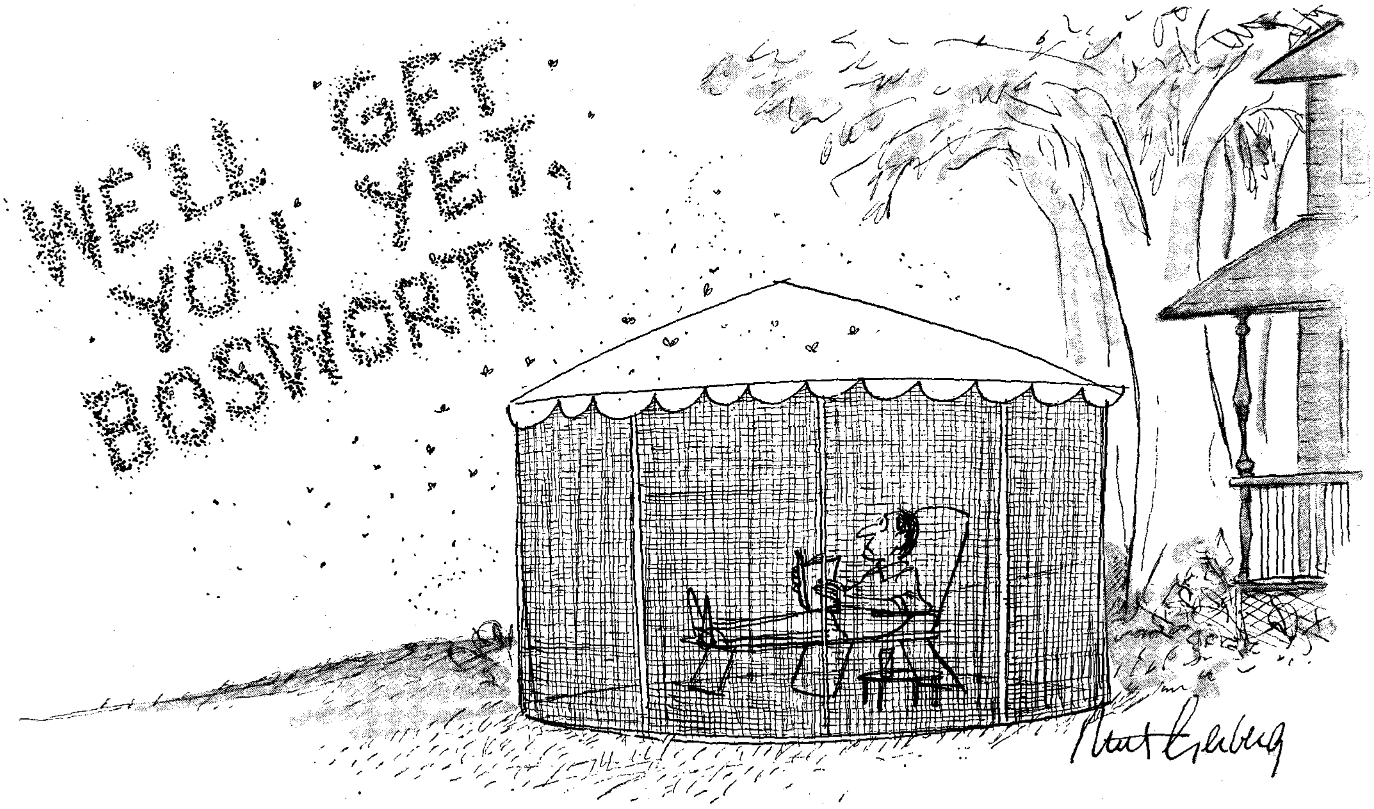
I FIRST went to Spain in the early fifties, almost by accident—certainly without forethought, for I knew and felt little about the country beyond a strong antipathy for the Franco regime. I had not been there very long, however, before it dawned on me that Spain was going to matter a great deal to me, and become a part of my life; I found it recognizable at once, in the way that something one has been looking for subconsciously is recognizable. What caught me so quickly was an energetic sense of immediacy, a relish for the living moment: when Spaniards sat down at a table, they instinctively shed any preoccupation other than that with the food in front of them and with the immediate company. Their past was too brutal to bear remembering, their future out of their hands, so they chose to live in a vivid, existential present, which made conversation easy and open in spite of the pervasiveness of the regime. At that time, too, they were delighted by the appearance of foreigners among them, being curious, hungry for some notion of a way of life other than their own, because they had been cut off from other countries from 1936 until 1948 and longed for anything to break the stalemate of their isolation. The shame of the Civil War still hung over everything, a brutal ghost, from whose shadow the people were tentatively emerging. Doubts remained, however, and the few scattered foreigners who showed up provided some hope, some positive distraction. The country was poor and without luxury of any kind, but a simple dignity abounded, a graceful rhythm that soon had me converted. I set out to learn and explore as much of Spain as I could—the language, the terrain, the history, the character. To enter another culture from choice is always invigorating: we



"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as you see it?"


WE'LL GET YOU YET, BOSWORTH

do not have any habits, so everything catches the attention and becomes grist to our minds. Not to know the word for, say, soap can be exasperating, but learning it is a small adventure in which the soap glows momentarily, as though seen for the first time. Even street names start up trails of discovery. Who was General Goded? Finding out unravels the whole complex knitting of the Civil War. We discover a new past, wholly different from our own.

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YOU cannot stumble on the village by accident. For one thing, the road ends there, and, for another, you cannot see it from below—not until the church looms above you, and houses begin to show on the carefully groomed terraces, dotted haphazardly here and there, with no apparent access. Around the last, climbing corner, more of the village appears, as though the houses had suddenly shown themselves in order to see who was coming. It is a perplexing place, in that it has no real center except a quiet paved square beside the church. It has grown up among the terraces that line two bowls in the steep side of the valley. Each house appears to have been conceived separately. There are no streets. The paved road becomes a dust road, then a track winding up and up. Above the top rim, the sky is fiercely blue. My son and I have often tried to make a map of the place, but it defeats us; only an aerial photograph would show the curious contours of the ground. We are used to being surprised by the place—by the way each house looks out on a different village, a different mountain. The mountains set the atmosphere—gray rocky crests hazy in the heat, with a fringe of pines on the tree line and, on the lower slopes, olive groves and long rows of darker-green almond trees. We climb steadily up, with the slow, bent-kneed plod that the villagers use, turning to look down over the village, a patchwork of ochre roofs and green terraces, and then we walk over the crest onto a small, fertile plateau, on the far corner of which stand our house and, beside it, a little ilex forest, which falls steeply away to the next valley, far below. From the house, there is no trace of the village, and no sound other than the jangle of goat bells, or the bark of the dog on the adjoining farm. Sitting on the stone terrace, I can hear insects rustling in the wheat, the whir of birds' wings, the stirring of leaves. Sounds of our well—the rattling chain, the thud and plunge of the bucket, the creak of the wheel—loom loud in the attention. Over the village hangs the same towering silence. The hollows form acoustical traps, so conversations across the valley will float into hearing, the words just indistinguishable but the tune clear. The sound of an occasional car does not break the silence so much as puncture it slightly, thus underlining it. On still afternoons, we can hear the children singing in the forest, shepherded by the nuns. The silence is such that we are careful about breaking it.

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THE village is dying. A population of more than six hundred has dwindled over the past twenty years to ninety. A few of the houses stand empty, their gardens overgrown, their shutters closed, as though they were blind. In summer, a number of foreigners come to open their houses and enliven the place; in winter, the villagers who remain look like a skeleton crew and have the air of survivors. Nor is anything likely to happen to bring the place back to life. A death diminishes the community, and brings it to a brooding stop. The church bell begins to toll and goes on haltingly for two hours. Hearing it from the ilex forest, we wonder who has died. Soon someone will come to tell us. Don Anselmo, the former mayor, will be making a gloomy entry in the ledger that he painstakingly writes in every evening. Tomorrow, most of the villagers will attend the funeral, the men looking odd and unfamiliar in their black suits. In part, it is the village that they will be mourning. The old ones will be silent for a few days. We shall go down and pay our respects. There will be much headshaking, and much spoiling of the children.

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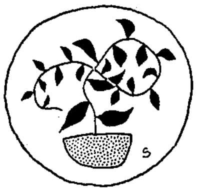
IN the early fifties, Spain had been separated so long from the rest of the world that to go there felt like moving back through time—a rare but temporary pleasure. Almost everything was still done by hand, and the country moved at mule pace. The few cars in action were ancient models; the taxis dated from the twenties and thirties. Foreigners who brought their cars to those dusty, unpredictable roads would have to wait to have spare parts fashioned by amazingly inventive mechanics, and would attract crowds. The country belonged to its pedestrians. In those days, it was possible to wander across great squares in the center of cities, like the Plaza de Cataluña, in Barcelona, or the Plaza de la Cibeles, in Madrid, without bothering to look in any direction, for the few passing cars took pains to keep clear of pedestrians, being in a hazardous minority. That luxurious calm lasted only a short time, however; it was splintered first by scooters, which began to proliferate in the early fifties, and soon afterward by the appearance of Spain's first postwar car, the Biscúter—an amazing creation about the size of a Dodg'em car, with a lawnmower-sized engine that made a noise like the continuous popping of corks. The first Biscúters had no reverse gear but could quite easily be lifted and pointed in a new direction, provided the passenger dismounted; and the little canvas top, when it was raised, closed with a huge zipper. Biscúters gave the streets a toy-town air. They were cheerful—laughable, even—and held no threat, for clearly they could do no harm. I drove one for a month, and had to push it up hills with any degree of steepness. I often wish the country had settled for them and kept them, instead of going on to the point where, at present, Madrid registers the highest rate of vehicular pollution in all Europe, and the outskirts of Barcelona have become a maze of overpasses and six-lane highways. I noticed in the newspapers last summer that vintage-car dealers were now offering to buy and sell Biscúters at a price more than ten times what they once cost. No one who putt-putted along in them in those innocent days could ever have imagined that they would arrive at such a state of grace so soon.



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SPANIARDS talk easily and willingly, even to strangers, salting the air with proverbs—despairing or exulting, always in drastic terms, over the state of Spain, the state of their lives. They read the newspapers only to abuse them. Deprived of any political expression, they take refuge in speculative conversation, for talk is the sole action allowed to them, and serves as confessional and release. But it is also a kind of play. Not long ago, I had dinner in Barcelona with a cluster of friends, in the course of which one of them made a passionate denunciation of Spanish apathy. When I met him a few days later and referred to what he had said, he had no memory of it whatever and pressed me to remind him. Talk in Spain is a necessary exercise of being, a matter of life and death. I never forget the pronouncement, some years ago, of a painter in Madrid: "In so-called free countries, like the United States, where freedom is a Constitutional right, everyone is looking desperately for concurrence, is eager to conform out of fear of that very freedom. In Spain, where such freedom is denied to us constitutionally, we must create it, every moment, by free acts, and we do it in our small, private eccentricities—above all, in our conversations, which give us life, or the illusion of life." Perhaps so. But in the village, as in most villages, we talk of crops and the weather, and of one another.

◆

COMMUNICATIONS in the village depend on word of mouth, and are at the mercy of memory. In the store, Doña Anna tells me that Don Anselmo wishes to see me, though she cannot remember when she got the message. At my convenience, she says. But I walk down the spiralling path right away, respectful of the summons. Don Anselmo occupies an extraordinary position in the village—virtually that of headman. Although he has given up being mayor after almost forty years, he is deferred to and consulted regularly by Guillermo, the present mayor, and everywhere he is shown the same reverent respect. Stories about him abound, for from time immemorial he has been called in to arbitrate every kind of dispute, quarrel, or disagreement in the village and its surrounds, and locally his judgments ring as famously as those of Sancho Panza—even among the foreigners, who have often come to him for counsel. A broad, bulky man, he is profoundly ugly, massively ugly, except that his ugliness is easily trounced by the tangible kindness of his look and manner. He owns and runs a small *pensión*, which has the village's only bar and terrace. He bought it, he told me once, so that those who wanted to see him would always know where to find him. Don Anselmo has never bothered much about the *pensión*, except that he likes to do the cooking, and I often talk to him in the kitchen while he is preparing soup or skinning rabbits. The bar is sparse and bare, with family photographs on the walls, and a huge stuffed armchair that serves as Don Anselmo's rostrum. I owe to him almost everything I know about the village; he has both a prodigious memory and a voluminous journal, and can reach back not only through his own lifetime but practically to the village's coming into being, for his father was mayor before he was, and he claims the ancestral memory as his own. He is not only well informed but endlessly curious; he questions me often about the foreigners—where they come from, what they do, what they feel about the village. Some of them he likes, others he treats with a grave formality.

On the day I got his message from Doña Anna, I found him deep in his chair, gazing into thought, the newspaper unopened on his lap, his face furrowed like a plowed field. "How goes it?" I asked him. "Well enough," he replied. "But my wife has given me all these illustrious articles to read, and it has propelled me to think very much, and to wish to consult with you." He waved at a pile of magazines beside the chair, and, picking them up one after another, I found that they were all opened to articles on automobile pollution. I realized what had been happening. Don Anselmo's wife, a bright, birdlike woman, is a great devourer of magazines, and serves as a kind of information bank for her husband. Don Anselmo was wearing his prophetic look. "I'm thinking of talking with Guillermo about banning cars from the village." He eyed me speculatively.

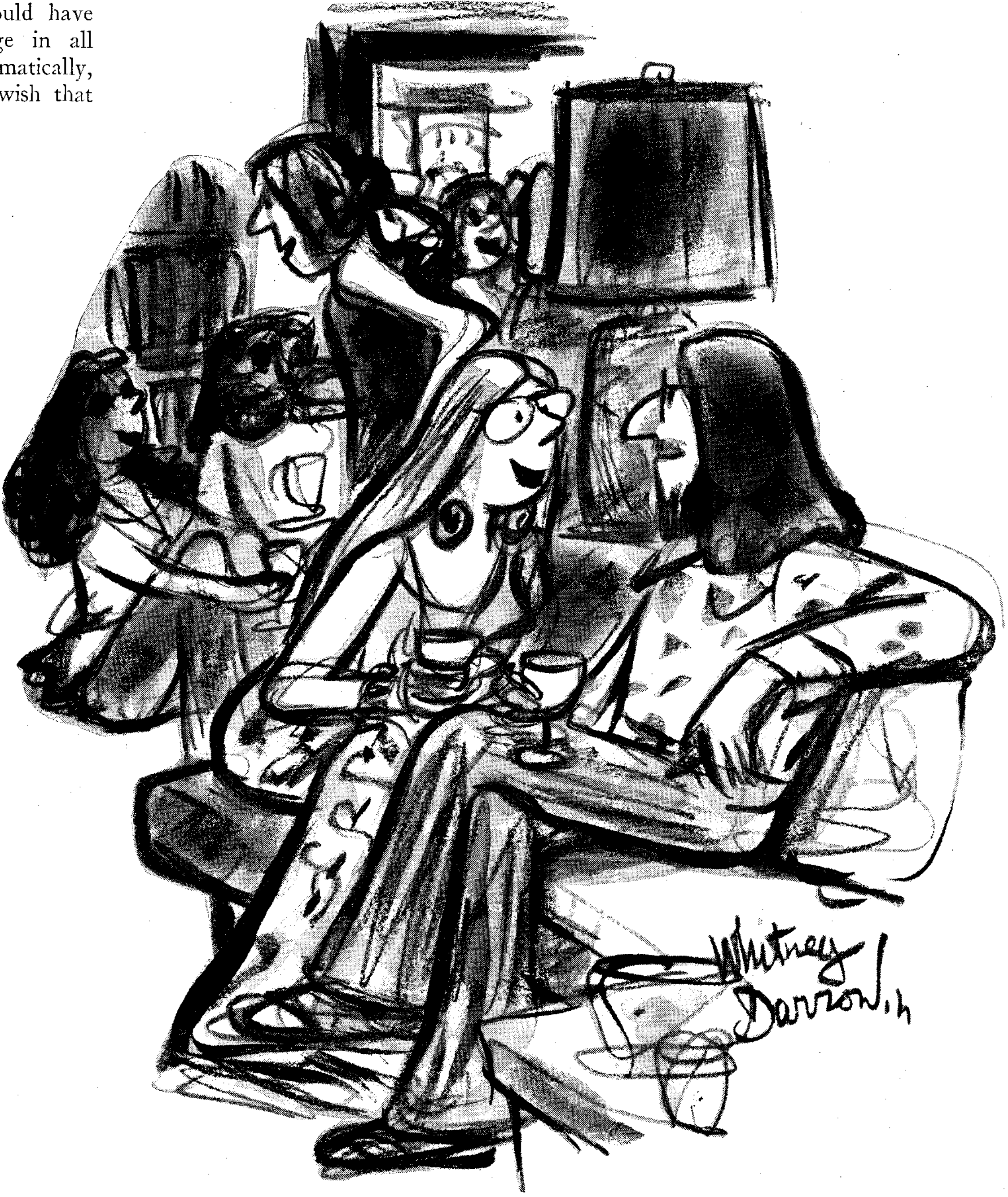
"But, Don Anselmo, there are hardly twenty cars in the place!"

"Twenty-two," he corrected me. "And I realize that they affect neither our air nor our chests in any serious way. The only nuisance they do is to come back late and wake up Nicolás in the house by the road. He is old and needs his sleep. No, it is only that I have been reading these learned articles, and I am astonished that in the face of this terrible knowledge not a single town has taken any step to confront the matter. For that reason, I am of the opinion that we must take the step, although we are not in immediate danger. It might lead other places to follow our example. First, I thought I would consult with you over what the foreigners might think. Would they understand? They must certainly be more conscious of this pollution than we are. I intend to talk to them, in any case."

Don Anselmo's plan never quite came to pass, although it preoccupied the village for some time. Were the number of cars to increase, Guillermo announced, they would all have to be left on the level ground below the church. But it is an unlikely prospect. Next year, in accordance with Spanish education policy, the village school will be closed down and the children taken by bus to a central regional school some thirty kilometres away, in the market town. Those families with children may very well move closer to the school, closer to civilization; some have already made the decision. Don Anselmo, in despair, proposed a voluntary school in the village, for both foreign and local children. "We could have the first multilingual village in all Spain," he announced dramatically, throwing his arms wide. I wish that every one of his plans had come into being.

◆

DURING the summer of 1974, Generalísimo Franco was suddenly admitted to a clinic in Madrid, and all Spain crouched over radio and television sets. In the *pensión,* Doña Emilia lifted the lace cover off the television and aimed all the chairs in its direction. Suspense stretched taut over a whole weekend, until, on Monday, the little man began to recover; but in that tense time most Spaniards suffered trauma of a kind, surprising themselves by the complexity of their reactions to the news—a mixture of horror and excitement, of relief and anxiety. Since I first went to Spain, I have been steadily assured of Franco's imminent fall or death, and have done a fair amount of Franco-watching myself. (There is a legendary man in Barcelona with a forefinger stunted from stabbing it on the table every time he has insisted that Franco could never last.) Franco's photograph in public places has been growing more benign through all that time, and he has earned a certain awe for his very durability. The bead curtain in the *pensión* door rattled all day as people dropped in to watch the solemn documentaries unwind on the screen. It was announced that theatres and cinemas were to be closed until further notice—made to hold their breath like the rest of us. Joaquín, the mason, who had been dragooned into fighting on the Franco side in the Civil War, and had been decorated by Franco personally, occasionally dropped his face into his hands. But it was when the face of Juan Carlos, Franco's appointed successor, appeared on the screen, and it was announced that he had been temporarily appointed head of state, that the place began to buzz. Juan Carlos has been an obedient puppet since his school days, and is a faintly ridiculous figure in Spain. Besides that, he bears an uncanny resemblance to Sebastián, the village bus driver, who has a stutter and a bad memory, and who has recently grown a beard in a despairing attempt to destroy the resemblance. The older generation still look on Juan Carlos as a mindless upstart, and refuse to discount his father's more legitimate claim to a restored Spanish throne; the young look on the whole idea of a restored monarchy as an irrelevance. But that weekend, with Franco appearing alarmingly mortal, anxiety over Spain's future reached out and touched everybody. For Spain is as sharply polarized now as it ever was: on the one hand, power lies in the hands of the Army, as it has



"Would I be getting too intimate if I ask who does your indexing?"

done solidly since the Civil War, and the Army, even in recent years, has shown itself to be ruthlessly opposed to any liberalization; on the other hand, disaffection with the regime, particularly on the part of industrial workers, who still have not been allowed to form their own trade unions, continues to seethe and sputter, on the brink of boiling. Were Juan Carlos to succeed, he would be pulled in those two contrary directions—between demands for rapid liberalization and instructions to proceed with caution. "He'd break in two in a few days," muttered someone in the *pensión*, and the older people looked grim. Deep in those Spaniards who suffered the Civil War, an unspeakable dread lurks—that it all might happen again. That weekend, it seemed sinisterly possible, and the vigil kept over the little Generalísimo in his clinic was in a sense a prayerful one, for Franco, by judiciously reminding the Spanish people of the shame of the Civil War at regular intervals, had successfully held its shadow at bay for thirty-five years. On Monday, however, the lace cover was put back over the television set, and, characteristically, new Franco jokes were circulating at the speed of light: Franco is lying on his deathbed in the clinic. Outside, an enormous crowd begins to shout, "*Adiós! Adiós!*" in chorus. Franco sits up suddenly and asks, "*Y aquellos, adónde van?*" ("Where are all those people going?") The theatres and cinemas—and the people—went back to normal. I remember from that curious weekend one of Don Anselmo's various pronouncements. "The cleverest thing Franco ever did was to live as long as he has done," he said. "Regard him now. Color pictures of him in the magazines playing with his grandchildren—no, his great-grandchildren—looking as harmless as a newborn penguin. How can you go on hating someone who is a great-grandfather?"

SUMMER POEMS

(FOR MY GRANDMOTHER)

This rain will stay with us all night

It has no story of its own
but we can make one up

and the sleep of rain will be
the sound of pages turning
here in the dark grass

Which of us
left that book out on the lawn
and who was the child then

Whenever I hear thunder
I go to the window

*

In the photograph of water the sky is lost

We sit together in the pale field
the dog at your feet
myself on your knees
listening to a story

Crescent Beach   Shaker Bridge   Mount Calm

The rest of the world
starts just across the lake
Crows perch on the telephone wires
Fat cows stand knee-deep
in their own slow afternoons

and already I have forgotten
everything you were saying

*

From the porch you smile up at me

I find my bed at the top of the stairs
The trees gather at my window

Mum I never expected them
not to change

*

At night the tiny lights of cars
cross Shaker Bridge
and climb the mountain

Where could everyone be going?

Theirs was the story
I would have chosen as my own

Later
wind shakes the trees
and together they become
the sound of water

as the heavy quilt lifts
from me

and far away

the rain begins

—LAWRENCE RAAB

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EVER since Franco became head of state, his photographic likeness has been displayed prominently in all town halls throughout Spain. Every five years or so, a new photograph is sent around, so that the Spanish people may be suitably attuned to the growth in stature of their little Generalísimo. As mayor, Don Anselmo received these photographs over the years and duly hung the current likeness in the small office that serves as town hall. He did not, however, destroy the old photographs but kept them carefully. One day, he motioned to me and told me he had something to show me. He led the way along a back corridor, up a few steps, to a locked door, which he opened with a key he produced from his wallet. The room was stale and dusty, entirely empty except for a single straight wooden chair, but around the walls hung, in sequence, a whole row of official photographs of Franco. As my eyes moved slowly along the walls, Franco aged steadily, almost imperceptibly. Don Anselmo put his hand on my shoulder. "I would appreciate that you do not mention this in the village," he said solemnly. "I come here from time to time to meditate on mortality, on the mortality of all of us. I find it curiously comforting. A new picture is due next year, and Guillermo has promised it to me. I have the feeling it may end the series. But I have said that before. Now, let us leave. I feel that at this stage a glass of wine might be appropriate." He locked the door carefully, but the photographs have remained in my head.

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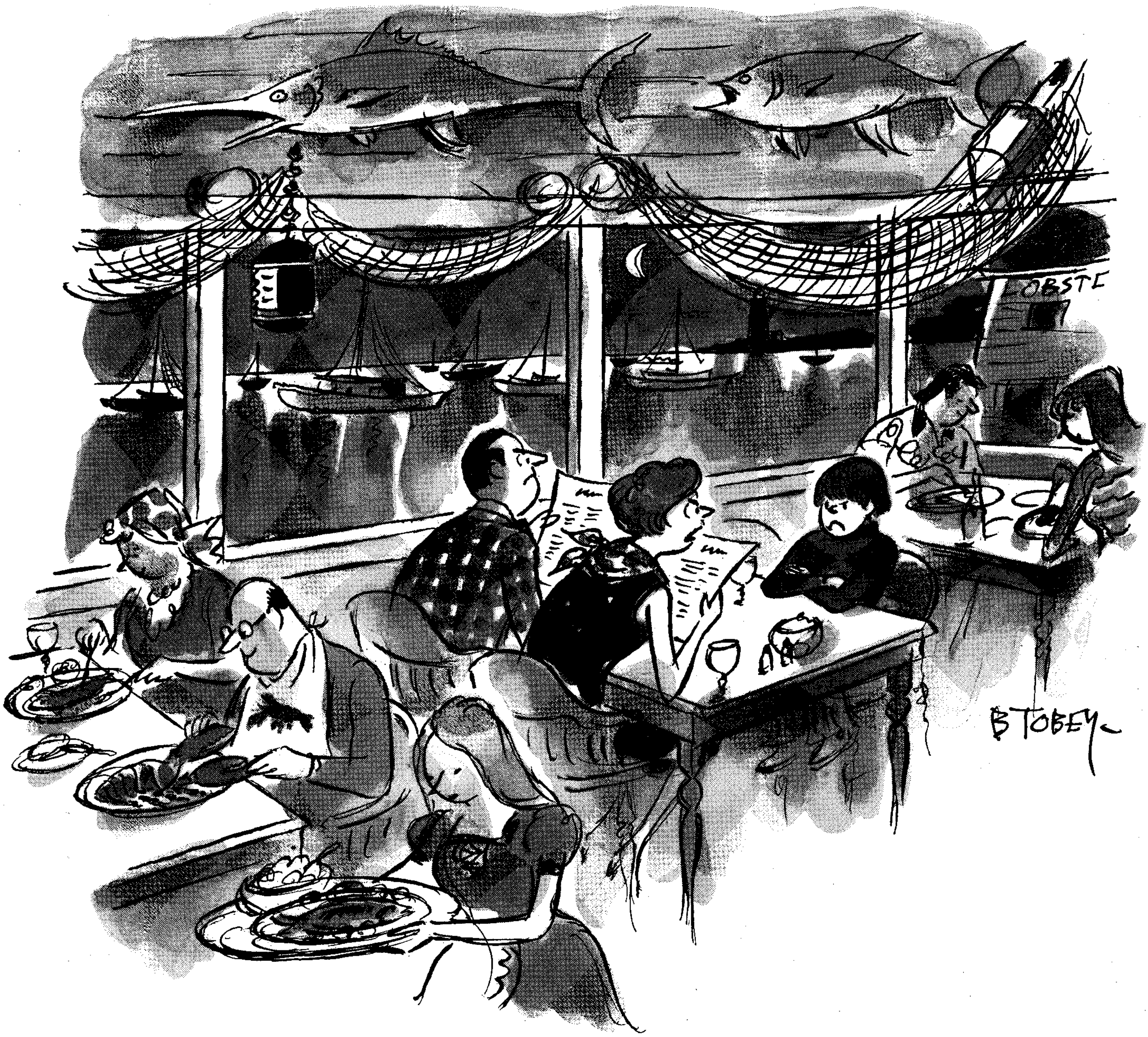
"HOW could you live in Spain under a dictatorship? Surely there is a moral obligation to stay out?" I used to be plagued by that question, especially in the fifties, but it never troubled me as much as it did the questioner. The refusal of Picasso and Casals to set foot in a Franco-dominated Spain carried a kind of silent thunder; their absence was felt. But few others could make that gesture count,



"No, you certainly may not have a hamburger!"

and being in Spain always felt much more like belonging to a conspiracy against the regime than like condoning it. At first, foreigners were cast as liberators, more questioned than questioning, extravagantly welcomed. Their presence did much for the country where, in those days, you could be fined for wearing a bikini or kissing in public; what they did and said and wore at least offered a glimmer of alternatives, an inkling of the outside world. At first, only a few clumps of foreigners came and stayed, for conditions were fairly simple and tourism did not exist. No one could then have imagined the huge assault it became some fifteen years later—to the point where thirty-four and a half million tourists trooped through Spain in 1973, or more than one for every Spaniard. Tourism became the principal national industry, and caused the government, which realized that it could not repress Spaniards and attract tourists at the same time, to lift regulations and embark on a cautious liberalization. Even so, there was a price, and Spaniards, having grafted a cheap, cardboard Spain on top of the real one, have only lately awakened to their own corruption. Tourism on a large scale becomes sheer prostitution, as Don Anselmo is fond of saying—and, he adds, prostitutes cannot keep their charms forever. The first signs of such a decline are in the air. Before long, we may see on worn stretches of the Spanish coast new sets of modern ruins—skyscraper hotels with crumbling bars, cracked swimming pools, vines growing up the elevator shafts.

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TOURISM has washed over the village, leaving it unperturbed, if not untouched. At one time, busloads of tourists used to labor up the road and spill out into the small square, perhaps lured by the prospect of seeing Spain as it once was, but there was nowhere for them to go and nothing for them to do. As often as not, they would find Don Anselmo asleep in his armchair, the priest asleep on his porch, and a pervasive, yawning indifference to their presence—and to their custom, for Don Anselmo runs his *pensión* as an amplification of his house, without thought of profit. A small handful of

"I'm sorry, but it just isn't working out between us, Jeffrey. You're an orange, and I want an apple."

• •

foreigners live permanently in the village, but either they have chosen the place for its staunch sense of privacy or they are fiercely eccentric—like the Brigadier, who day after day pores over his campaign maps, waiting for the Second World War to resume. Every now and again, someone from the outside world decides that the village is a private Eden, crying out to be shared with an imported élite. We watch with some alarm as the building begins, the mason and the carpenter pitching in with faintly uncomfortable pleasure over having work to hand. But not all ideas of Eden coincide. Prospective buyers come and go, dithering over their decisions. To some, the silence looks alarmingly like total suspension. Refrigerators and swimming-pool filters, moreover, lie far beyond the technological resources of the village, and more than one foreigner has fled the place in despair, the idyll lost for want of a stop valve. The most threatening settler to date has turned out to be a Swiss woman who envisioned the village as a setting for her own private arts festival, and who whipped up a cluster of small chalets, with pool and performing space, to house her captive celebrities. She goaded and bullied her workmen to the point where she had hired and fired every available hand in the place, earning herself a staggering collection of unrepeatable nicknames. The artists she managed to lure there left after a few days, discovering that they were expected to serve as lapdogs—that their main function was to relieve the boredom of their patroness. Judging by the gleam I notice in local eyes whenever she is mentioned, I would not be surprised to see her houses begin to crumble in the course of the coming year.

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BETWEEN the late fifties and the late sixties, Spain, which had been noticeably behind the times, although cheerfully so, burst suddenly into the modern world—or, rather, had the modern world burst on it. Those who knew it even fifteen years ago find themselves wandering around like grandfathers, muttering, "Why, I remember when . . ." In that small compass, the country compressed a century's worth of change, falling greedily on gadgets, plastic, and pieces of extraneous mechanism that had previously appeared only in foreign magazines. Yet between Spaniards and machines a strong antipathy has always existed, and high technology did not settle on Spain without an ungainly honeymoon: new hotels were apt to fall down, swimming pools to leak away, can openers to fail in the breach. The first Spanish supermarkets, too, were more wishful than practical—vast spaces with isolated pyramids of rusty tin cans and, I remember vividly, nothing on the gleaming cold shelf but frozen chicken feet. Before technology, the village all but sustained itself, carting its surplus to market. It even boasted a private electrical system—a local generator that supplied the more central houses but ran solely at the whim and disposition of its master, who would dip it three times before he switched it off at night, to give people time to scuttle for candles. We cooked with charcoal on small iron stoves and warmed ourselves over shallow charcoal *braseros*. Almost everything was done by hand. Sometimes I would take a load of vegetables for my farmer neighbor to the market town thirty kilometres away, setting out at four in the morning with the donkey cart, which maintained a resolute walking pace. The journey takes about half an hour by car but needed four hours with the donkey. The pace seemed ideal, for there was time; I was able to doze off occasionally, or take in every passing tree. Now, however, the donkey carts keep off the roads, and, worse, much of the growing land has been either abandoned for lack of anyone to work it or sold piecemeal to construction companies. Electricity has arrived by pylon, and television sets and refrigerators squat in the whitewashed houses, awkward in such pure surroundings, but tended as carefully as trophies. Now charcoal is hard to find, and the supermarkets in the larger towns bulge much like supermarkets anywhere.

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EUGENIO, who comes to turn over the terraces and cut back the almond trees, tells me the wistful history of the village every year. From its beginnings, the village's main sustenance came

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from making charcoal and cutting wood to burn, thus fuelling the surrounding countryside. The men would go out from Monday to Friday onto the long wooded slope behind the village, extending halfway up the mountain, to build the careful piles of small wood and twig, which were sealed over except for a small escape at the top. The wood smoldered away, eventually turning into charcoal. For their cooking, the villagers always started the charcoal outside, in a three-legged stove, over a fire of twigs, and then transferred it, red-hot, with tongs to iron burners set in tile in the kitchen, fanning it with woven-straw fans that the women of the village made in their houses. The women were also very skillful at drying and preserving food for the men to take out with them during the week. The men slept out, and Eugenio showed me a sumptuous sleeping bag he had sewn for himself out of sheepskins, which he never uses now. Around 1958, butane gas in cylindrical containers made its appearance, and in no time *butagas* had transformed the countryside. It was, of course, easier to use than charcoal, but, more than that, it seemed to show that Spain was creeping forward after being stagnant for so long. For the charcoal burners, however, gas meant that their work stopped dead. Most of them were able to find jobs in construction, because the building boom had begun by then; for that, though, they had to leave the village—sometimes for good. It felt as if the place had surrendered all its energy and slumped into disuse. Don Anselmo did his best to animate the village, with schemes to buy looms and to found a pottery, but the villagers had fallen victims to a disheartened listlessness. Besides, by then a handful of foreigners had settled in the place, and work on their houses, or in their houses, kept the village ticking over, in a semi-retired kind of way. I still get charcoal from Eugenio, who prepares a pair of burnings every year, but the straw fans have disappeared forever. Don Anselmo remains hopeful. "I can see a time coming when they will be pleading with us to make charcoal again," he says. "Oil and gas will give out, and we shall become an important source, I know it. I have longings to see our village come back to life. That it may still be possible sustains me as I decline." What Don Anselmo never mentions is that the men of the village supplemented their money from making charcoal by picking up and distributing contraband cigarettes, until the contraband traffic dwindled, roughly when the charcoal did. He refuses to hear any mention of contraband. Even his optimism about charcoal he keeps for public occasions; in private, when he talks I can see how thoroughly he has identified the death of the village with his own.

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THE attraction of Spain in the nineteen-fifties lay in its apparent permanence. It was well out of the technological stream, and it had the kind of climate that simplifies physical existence, besides being cheap to live in. Most of all, it had an immemorial look and feel, the landscape bleached and whittled down, the rhythm stark and clear, the style frugal. (Ironic now to realize that those who settled there became, unwittingly, the impulse behind the destruction of that rhythm—but since the dignified frugality of the Spaniards stemmed from poverty and lack, such retrospections are self-indulgent. Only a minority of Spaniards feel, as Don Anselmo does, the loss of that equilibrium as a tragedy.) People strayed to Spain from mixed motives. It served as a mecca for alcoholics, with liquor cheap and available always, just as it attracted would-be bullfighters and flamenco dancers, moths round that antique lamp. Writers and painters dug themselves in quite happily, since they were looking, above all, for time, and Spain seemed as close as anyone could come to a continuum. Yet living there became something of a test, for the simple life, as anyone who has embarked on it must know, can turn out to be insurmountably complicated in its mechanics, and quite often sends would-be villagers screaming back to civilization. To set up a small, self-contained world, ignoring the surrounding currents, proves too much for all but a few hardened eccentrics. Those who settled in Spain in small, élitist groups suffered the isolation of castaways: the silence drummed on the roof like rain, and news from home became the only reality. A clear distinction has to be made between tourists, expatriates, and foreigners. Tourists descend on a place in obedient droves, like migrant birds, either following well-beaten tracks or creating them for other tourists. For them, to be in a foreign country is a change, a difference, a chosen astonishment. Above all, their stay is, by definition, temporary and pleasure-bent. Spaniards regarded tourists as a badge of well-being and economic health until they began arriving on a seemingly endless belt, forcing the country to feed, fuel, and amuse them at a thoroughly un-Spanish rate. For once, the fatalism of the Spaniards served them badly: their hospitality lost them their house. Expatriates behave quite differently. They have left their own countries on a long lead, never quite severing the link with home, never quite adapting themselves to their exile, clinging to one another for company, haunting post offices, magazine stands, and banks, waiting expectantly for money from home, anything at all from home. Expatriates are generally

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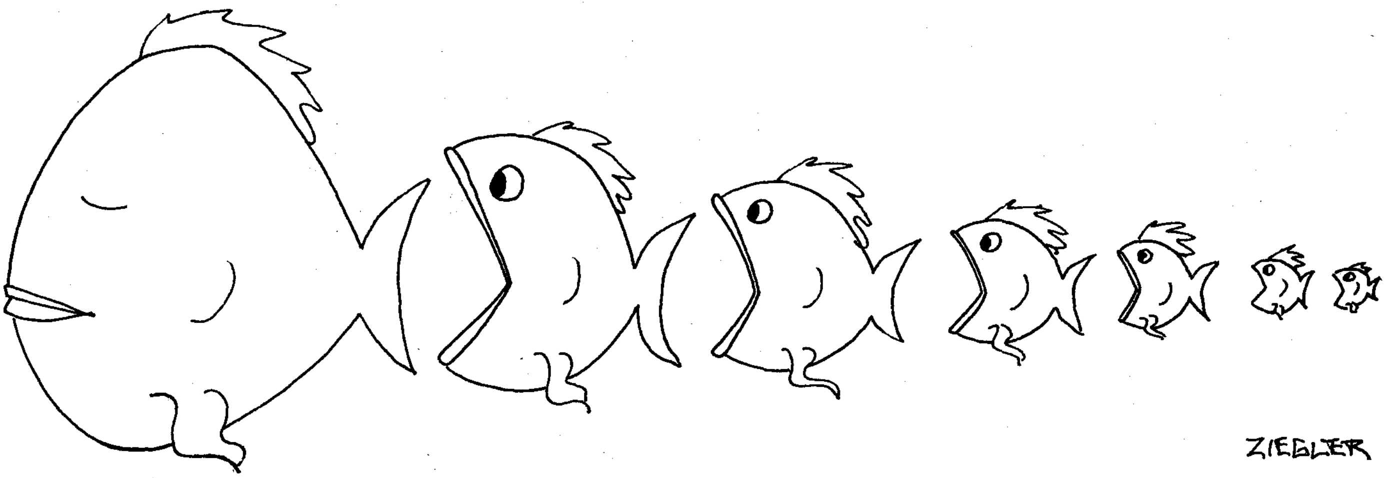

getting their own countries into perspective, to the point where they feel strong enough, or desperate enough, to return to them. Foreigners, conversely, live where they are, leaving their pasts and countries behind them for the place they take root in. In one sense, they are lucky: they are free to enter a new context unencumbered, with clear eyes, and are often able to savor a place in a way that escapes the inhabitants, for whom it has become habit. But however well a foreigner adapts himself to a place and its inhabitants, however agile he becomes in the lore and language, there is a line he can never cross, a line of belonging. He will always lack a past and a childhood, which are really what is meant by roots.

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THE only telephone in the village is in the *estanco*, the store that sells tobacco and stamps. A wooden kiosk is set back in one corner, surrounded by reasty wine barrels and sacks of beans. Consuelo, who runs the store, comes in from her kitchen drying her hands, puts on her spectacles wearily, and cranks the apparatus before asking for a number in Frankfurt or New York, while the caller fidgets on the sacks. Most of the foreigners have learned the inside of that store by heart at some time or other, because a call either comes through with disturbing speed or takes the best part of two days. Waiting does different things to callers: some of them have rushed from the store in rage or tears; others have fallen asleep or drunk themselves into silence; and one Dutch girl, under Consuelo's tuition, learned the Spanish word for every object in the place. In private, Consuelo complains bitterly about the telephone, for she has to suffer a bleak series of uncomprehending and incomprehensible rages. One year, she was so beset by foreign hysteria in the *estanco* that she pleaded with Don Anselmo to have the telephone removed altogether, and he managed to placate her only by praising her forbearance (she is infuriatingly taciturn) and pointing out that without the unfortunate machine no one would be able to summon the doctor, who lives in the next village (another cause of foreigners' hysteria). Myself, I suspect that Consuelo revels in these long delays—not so much because she wants company in the store as because she has that most Spanish distrust of mechanisms and any dependence on mechanisms. Not without justification do the villagers associate the coming of machines with the coming of foreigners, who did bring in a whole host of pumps, generators, filters, sprinklers, tractors, and assorted vehicles, without which the village had existed quite happily, and all of which made noise. (Spaniards, of course, want all of them or want none of them.) Julián, the nearest we have to a mechanic, does his job with brilliant eccentricity. One day, he fitted an ingenious ratchet stop of his own devising to our well wheel, to take the weight of the bucket; yet he has never made another. He has kept the postman's prewar motorbike running by making spare parts in his shop, but he dislikes new cars and repairs them warily and bizarrely: the Brigadier's car would start only with the glove compartment open after Julián had been at it. "I like to be boss of the machine, even to make it," he once told me. "Machines should be single things. Something is needed? Something is solved. But when the machines all come at me, ready-made and perfect, there is no place for me." I know what he means. Our house remained for years a place of perfect silence, for although we had electricity, we scarcely used it, following the sun instead. Ultimately, however, I bought a refrigerator, which starts up through the night with a thunderous purr. I am waiting for it to break down, so that I can give it to Julián, in the interests of research.

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TO come to rest in the village from somewhere in the outside world is not the easiest of transitions, and those who try it find themselves occasionally the victims of "village paranoia." They abuse or assault the mailman, or complain that the phone in the *estanco* is tapped. The victims gradually begin to suffer from their chosen isolation, and often conjure up a conspiracy that winds in the whole village, down to its animals and machines. The postman is accused of burning letters or throwing them away, but since he is quite prone to do this, the accusation serves nothing but the paranoia. The villagers treat such an outbreak with uncommon indulgence. They have seen it before, and look on it as an unfortunate but inevitable consequence of civilization. But then they are indulgent of any eccentricity, among themselves as well, looking on it as no more than the expression of extreme differentiation. A bald Venezuelan violinist who once lived there, in a solitary house on the crest, had such delusions of social superiority that he insisted that his house be known as the Castle. The villagers not only complied but addressed him in the bar, in the store, in the *estanco*, on the road, as "Your Excellency." Sebastián, who drives the bus to town, stops it every time at a spot where his grandfather went over the edge, and gets out to pray. And when Javier, the shepherd, comes down in the afternoon to sit on the wall outside the *pensión* and carries on a long conversation with his dog, those who pass are careful to greet the dog as well as Javier, whether the dog is there or not. I often get the notion that the villagers look on the foreigners among them as a species of household pet, for I have overheard them on the bus comparing the antics of various foreign households, as excited as if the presence of these strange people were a running comedy, an endless television serial. Only drunkenness turns them cold; any willing surrender of dignity reduces them to a tight silence.

•

FOR the people of the village, the outside world means the market town, where their vegetables go, where the bigger children are at school, where the young men find work now, and where trouble comes from. Doña Isabel and Doña Matilde, both seamstresses, both in their seventies, have never been there; they do not like what they hear about it, they told me, and they feel no obligation to go. All that comes from the town is a series of officials, decrees, bills, and changes, while they cherish and cling to a notion of the village as self-sufficient, at the center of things. They talk of a time, seemingly legendary but relatively recent, when no one in the place carried money, when food and services were bartered or willingly exchanged, when time did not move forward but turned in the agrarian round. Gathering olives and almonds, whitewashing, baking bread, doing laundry were all communal activities, whereas now, as often as not, the crops go uncollected—the work is no longer worthwhile. Abandoned land, dry fields, unpruned trees are shameful sights to the old ones, to whom good land still means health and wealth. To have surrendered self-sufficiency, they feel, is both tragic and insane. Some years ago, when our house needed a new roof and I had to carry sand and materials along the rocky path, I borrowed a donkey from Doña Isabel—the last donkey left in the village, a patient creature with mournful eyes called Carita, who plodded uncomplainingly back and forth. There used to be forty mules in the place at one time, according to Doña Isabel—"as many as there are *extranjeros* now." Last summer, she told me that Carita had died.

•

A LETTER comes, in midwinter, from Jaime's wife, María, enclosing some forms to sign, and asking about seed for the spring sowing. Less rain has fallen than usual; they are very much preoccupied with drought. The village is quiet; nothing has happened except that old Nicolás has died. (Poor old Nicolás. He had sat outside every day for years watching the road, as though his death might arrive by the next car.) And then she adds, "*Ya sabemos que la vida es esto: nacer, sufrir, y morir.*" To be born, to suffer, and to die—I cannot believe that the sentence is anything but a formality on her part, because she is a brisk and joyful person, without a trace of melancholy in her bones. And yet it is precisely that fundamental sense of life as fate which gives Spaniards their flinty durability, their unquestioning acceptance of whatever happens to them. They are not speculative by nature. If a choice looms in their lives, they prefer to wait until it is resolved by circumstance. It is this disposition that divides them forever from the foreigners—that keeps the foreigners from being able to belong in any profound sense. From the villagers' point of view, the very fact that the foreigners can choose—choose to leave the village and go elsewhere, choose their own circumstances, change their minds—moves them to another plane of existence. Still, the villagers do not see such choice as particularly desirable; their own existences are comparatively straightforward. What needs doing gets done. What happens happens. The village endures, and within that context of permanence pleasure occurs in the form of happy accidents. As a result, the village is totally without drama other than the dramas of birth, illness, and death. Quarrels are buried and seethe in silence; formality keeps the place running. (The history of the Civil War in rural Spain is more one of paying off old scores than one of ideological conflict.) The only expression of strong feelings I have heard in the village has been the blowing of the conchs. Should any local woman recently widowed entertain the attentions of a suitor too soon for the village's sense of morality, conch shells are blown in her direction at twilight. Nobody in particular blows them. They are blown. Nothing more is said. That eerie wail upholds the village sense of propriety, without confrontation. The conchs, however, would never be blown in the direction of a foreigner, since foreigners, the villagers know well, march to batteries of different drums. Whatever drama is lacking in the place is amply provided by the foreigners; and yet, except in extreme cases, the villagers suspend judgment. A taxi summoned in the middle of the night, a crash of breaking glass or furniture from the Venezuelan's house, a distracted phone call—they are used to

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such events by now, and the dramas of the foreigners have as little to do with their lives as the *tele-novelas* they watch disbelievingly in the *pensión*.

•

THE real frontier to cross is that of the language. The Spaniards themselves are not famous with other languages—not as linguistically accommodating as, say, the Dutch, who can shift languages imperturbably. They do, however, have great linguistic kindness, in that anyone with a minimal supply of Spanish discovers conversations being put together for him, being turned into small language lessons for his benefit. At first, Spanish is an easy language to enter—regular, uncomplicated, straightforward to pronounce—and most foreigners who settle in Spain quickly acquire a form of "kitchen" Spanish, which allows them to shop, ask directions, go to banks and offices, and order in restaurants. However, that stage may well become a plateau on which they stay, enacting formal conversations, the language technically accurate but without much emotion. Germans probably speak the most wooden Spanish of all, striding through sentences and subduing them one by one, while the English wield it with a mixture of distaste and disbelief, as though not sure it will work. But so kind are Spaniards that their talk will often limp along in sympathy with any stranger making heavy weather. In the village, this comes to be something of a problem; Joaquín, the mason, for instance, has done so much building for newcomers to the language that when he is explaining anything he cannot help breaking into a kind of baby talk, which his workers now all imitate. Don Anselmo's wife is often pressed to give language lessons, but she is so energetic that she has acquired three extra languages over the years while her pupils floundered about in Chapter 1 of "Don Quixote." Not that language is insurmountable. Little Doña Anna, who in her store has to confront shopping lists in Finnish as a matter of course, has evolved a series of elaborate mimes for recipes and foodstuffs, which bring extra-linguistic results—prodigious performances from hungry aliens, who circle balletically round plump Doña Anna, waving arms and drawing animals and vegetables in the air. The greater hazards arise with those who cannot bear to undergo the embarrassment of learning a new language, and pretend to know it or, at least, to subdue it. We have one such eccentric settler, who after some years

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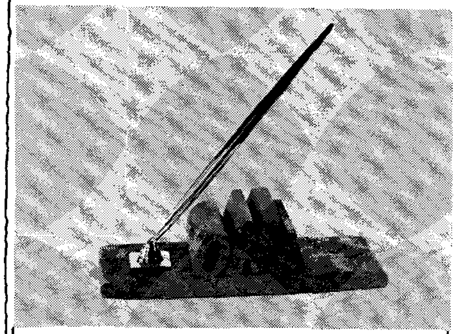

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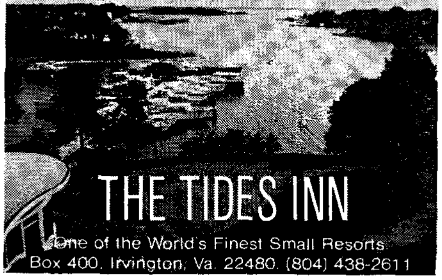

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believed that Spanish had descended on him by osmosis. Whenever Spanish was directed at him, he would nod vigorously and say, “*Sí, sí, sí!*” It served him well enough until one day Joaquín came to replace a tile in his roof. When the mason had finished, he gesticulated at the roof and made a small emphatic speech in Spanish, to which our neighbor replied with his usual “*Sí, sí, sí!*” A couple of days later, he came back from the town to find his house being completely reroofed and Joaquín and his men beaming at him enthusiastically.

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ALL languages have a particular feel to them, for they embody a mode of being, a cast of thought, a musical manner. Some slip on more easily than others and are more comfortable to wear. But the wearer must inevitably yield to them, because languages are strangely demanding. I knew no Spanish when I first went to Spain, and learned it slowly until I was stung by the necessity of talking to people about more than weather and well-being. Necessity prompts even more assiduously than curiosity. Then I found myself not just learning Spanish but being changed by it, behaving differently in it. For one thing, Spanish is a more extravagant and spontaneous language than English, and must be delivered with a precise vocabulary of gestures; now I gesticulate while speaking English. Spanish proved liberating, in a way; I found I could grow vociferously angry with much more ease in Spanish than in English, and I fell into making proverbial utterances, as Spaniards do, just because they serve the language almost as punctuation. I loved the language, and still love it; equally, I am still learning it. To come late to another language means that even after it is learned well some of its dimensions are lacking. One is that of its written past, its literature and mythology; and it takes a discouragingly slow trudge to catch up. But what remains always out of reach is the experience of having known a language as a child, when words were intuitively calculated rather than learned; that instinctive knowing is what underlies wordplay, wit, and word music, the sudden surprises that can happen in language, that extend language. A friend from Peru remarked on the same thing while he was learning English: “I can read all the nursery rhymes, discover what they mean, but I can never get to the state of feeling them before their meaning, when the words are acting like a spell. I can have no past in the English language.” Translating back and forth between the two languages, I often find myself with a foot in each, conscious of how great the gap can sometimes be, how distinct the styles; but I accommodate them both, and am grateful for the Spanish extension.

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BELOW the house, thickly overgrown and by now scarcely distinguishable from the undergrowth, stand the walls of seven houses, their roofs long gone. We often walk among the ruins, for they exude silence like a message and give an odd aura to everything—the mountains hazy through the window sockets, the toolmarks on the stone, the rusted iron rings in the walls. The goats eye us indignantly, their bells clanking as they withdraw to the end of their tethers. We have used some of the tumbled stones from the ruins in laying a stone terrace, embedding them in the ground with their flattest surfaces uppermost—a caveman’s jigsaw puzzle. We have been given the history of the houses many times. At the turn of the century, they, along with our house and the adjoining farm, formed a separate, self-sustaining *aldea*, a small village of close to two hundred people; indeed, I have seen it marked on survey maps of the time—a round, emphatic dot. The story of its decline is a recurring one in Spain: the young people moved to the larger village below; there were not enough hands to attend to crops and animals and maintenance; the old people were left alone with the children; the place faltered, failed, and was abandoned. The house we occupy would have been one of the ruins by now if we had not shored it up, but, with the ruins below, it is not hard to feel like a castaway or a survivor. Once, I came back to the house after a hiatus of two years to find that the vegetation had marched tall across the terrace and was fingering the front door. I felt I was just in time. Sitting beside the well on an evening of silk dark, with stars crowding the sky, I find it easy to imagine the village without any human presence whatever—all signs soon consumed by inexorable vegetal muscles, the fruit thudding to the ground unheard. We are the most strident and extravagant species on the whole planet, but not the most durable, as the ruins keep saying. The house feels more and more like an outpost; the insects and the plants have designs on it. I hope sooner or later to make peace with them.

—ALASTAIR REID

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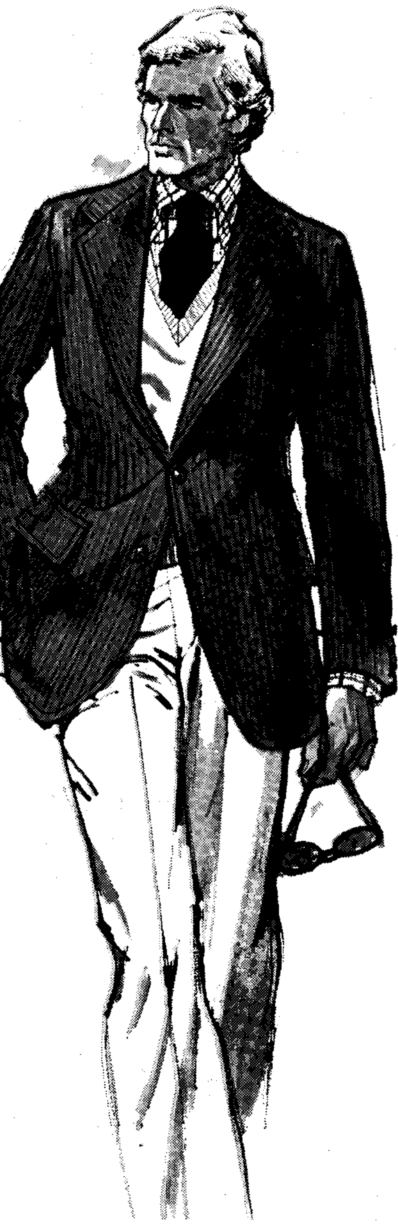

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Farce, Comedy, and a Sag in the Male Loner's Facelift

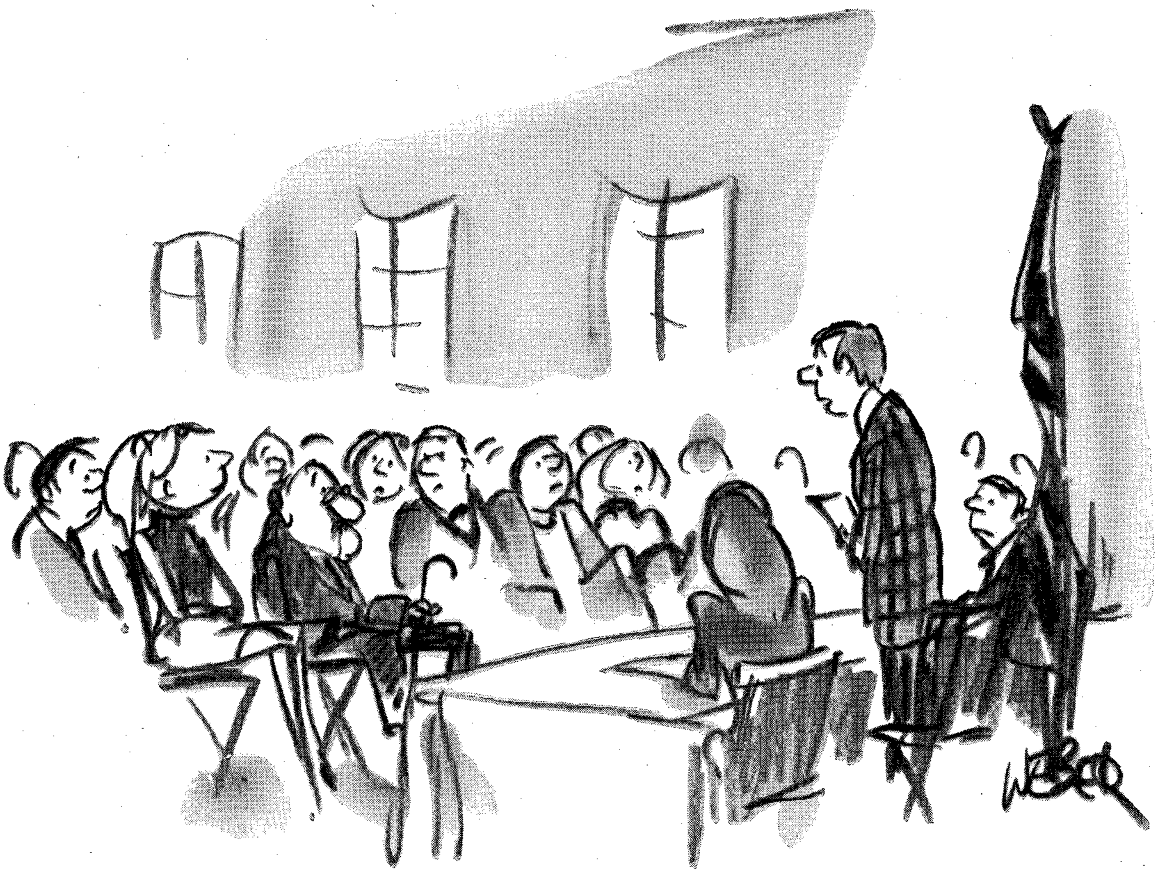
A HOTEL is French farce's ideal setting. It provides the necessary absence of intimacy between people living next to one another, the necessary amount of unemotionally seen activity, and the necessary number of doors. "A Pain in the A--" ("L'Emmerdeur")—folly of a title—takes place mostly in a hotel in Montpellier, in provincial France. M. Pignon, played by Jacques Brel, is a loose-jointed, cod-faced shirt salesman. His liking for awful joke toys offends the classier tastes of his wife, Louise (Caroline Cellier), who goes in for riding, and who has left him for the local psychiatrist, a major incompetent named Fuchs (Jean-Pierre Darras). Pignon takes a hotel room in Montpellier—where the psychiatrist practices—because he is pining for his wife. When she snubs him on the telephone, he uses the room to try to kill himself in. The attempt is just the sort of thing that makes a hotel a four-star place for a farce writer. ("Lots of activity today," says a bellhop excitably, looking down to the lobby as he takes the newly arrived Pignon aloft. Activity—busyness—is farce's best beloved.) Meanwhile . . .

Meanwhile, according to farce's custom, Pignon's opposite in motivation has taken the next-door hotel room. An assassin, M. Milan, is trying to assemble a gun. He is played by Lino Ventura, with a clenched jaw that looks as if it must have been developed by a lifetime of taking off bottle caps with the teeth. But . . .

But, according to farce's custom, both attempts are foiled: the would-be suicide succeeds only in breaking a water pipe in his bathroom; the would-be assassin succeeds in assembling only a few bits of the gun before he is interrupted by trouble, first with a broken shutter and then by seepage of water from Pignon's room. The rhythm of frustration is continued through the film. The would-be killed-one perpetually fails at his task, whether it is carried on indoors in his bathroom or outdoors on a window ledge. The would-be killer is perpetually foiled in putting together his gun by attacks of civilized mercy toward his next-door neighbor, whose masochism begins to smell of sadism. So . . .

So, according to farce's custom, the roles are paradoxically changed around. The apparent pursuer—the assassin—becomes the one pursued; the suicidal victim becomes the victimizer. The upshot of the story is that M. Milan's rifle goes off accidentally, so that the police, gathered across the street to protect a vulnerable witness, spring into action. The exasperated cops finally put both the would-be self-destroyer and the would-be murderer in prison, where M. Pignon is visibly destined to go on pursuing his reluctant rescuer on treks around the exercise yard for the duration of their sentence, in farce's habit. So strong is farce's hold that the prison scene has a hallucinatory moment of seeming the dramatic equivalent of a hotel scene, both having their long corridors, their enforced acquaintanceships, and their arbitrary geographical collisions of contrary temperaments.

The professional capacity of the psychiatrist Fuchs, which is minuscule, is a funny projection of a farcical principle. Inaptness for a given job is one of farce's cornerstones: a diffident man trying to be a Lothario, a duffer trying to be a genius scientist. In this film we have not only a killer morosely waylaid by his latent philanthropy and a suicidal man bent on survival but also a psychiatrist who shouldn't be allowed near a rat with a headache. Faced with a patient drugged into numbness, Fuchs searches with a neurological hammer for a knee jerk as if he were an errand boy banging at the back door of an empty house. Fuchs, who has the beguilingly adjoined Christian name of Edgar, seems a fumble-fingered being. He could perhaps serve an apprenticeship of wetting stamps on a sponge in the service of a more highly placed clerk in a post office. He is certainly not up to coping psychiatrically with M. Milan, whom he has characteristically mistaken for M. Pignon, and to whom he gives a heavy tranquillizer in an error that has to be corrected with amphetamines.



"We really hate like the dickens to have to say this, Mr. Parmelee, but there comes a time when all Young Republicans have to move on."

The movie is directed by Édouard Molinaro, from a screenplay by Francis Veber. The main trouble with it is that it works too hard. The music is full of signpost gag themes, the dialogue of backchat, and the action of piled-on reversals. The film could probably support its moments of prancing if Jacques Brel's performance had the talent and gravity of any by, say, Charles Denner. Lino Ventura's M. Milan is much less frantic and often truly comic, making full use of the range of disgruntlement possible to Ventura's melancholy, mashed-looking face. The movie as a whole has the makings of a funny variation on one of farce's eternal topics—incompetence at carrying out self-assigned activities—but the idea is overmuscularly pursued. It suggests some hostess in drawing-room comedy, consigned by her place in drama to the serving of afternoon tea, pouring it as if her Georgian teapot were the Hoover Dam.

EVEN if you've already seen it so often that you know it by heart, take the chance to go to the New York revival of Buster Keaton's beautiful "Sherlock Jr.," the five-reeler he made in 1924. The hero is a projectionist in a run-down nickelodeon. He dreams of being a detective. Early in the film, he sits alone in the closed cinema reading a textbook on how to be a detective. He tries, with one of his immutably clean fingers, to make a fingerprint on the book cover which he can then examine professionally with his magnifying glass. His other goal in life is to win his girl. She is called The Girl, just as he is called The Boy, and his lounge-lizard rival The Local Sheik. While he is watching a very stuffy movie, he falls asleep, and a ghostly self shreds off from his slumped figure to walk boldly through the theatre and right through the film screen into the action. It is the essence of the conjuring trick: a universal fantasy made physical.

The plot within a plot which Buster invades is also about a Girl, a Boy, and a Sheik. It involves a stolen pearl necklace, and offers the detective Boy—dubbed Sherlock in the dream-action—an unrivalled opportunity to pit himself against the blackguardly Sheik, who is in league with an overfed butler. A medieval axe on a stately wall, meant to fall on Sherlock, nearly cuts the Sheik into pieces. The butler almost kills himself by snatching a glug of wine to calm his nerves, forgetting that he has just poisoned it. Sherlock plays a brilliant game of pool involving a ball, numbered 13, that is loaded with explosives. He misses No. 13 by a hair's

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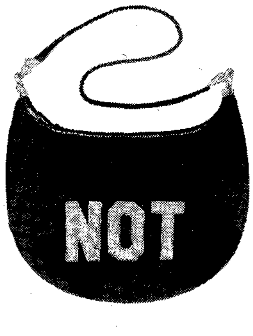

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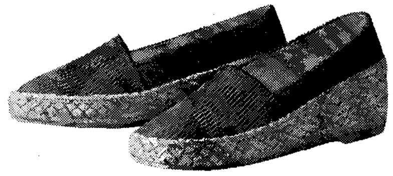

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breadth with each stroke. The filming of a particularly tricky pool shot, finished by Buster himself in fifteen minutes with the help of chalk lines to show the route of each ball, is famous in the annals of Hollywood technique. So are his technically brilliant and physically debonair stunt scenes in the picture, which were also executed, as usual, not by a double but by Buster himself: his wonderful, hair-raising ride on the handlebars of an otherwise unoccupied motorcycle that he believes to be under the orthodox human control; his skip on the motorcycle across the gap in a broken bridge along the top of two tall trucks that happen to be passing each other; his wondrously unharming leap through the tray of a peddler, and then through the peddler's chest, and then through a barn door. So there are astounding conjuring sequences. As well, there is one of silent comedy's most unmawkish demonstrations of integrity, in a sequence in which a poverty-stricken Buster, cleaning up the cinema and short of a dollar to buy a three-buck present for his beloved, is forced twice to give up a duplicate of a precious dollar he has found in the garbage, to two women customers who each say they have lost one. His mime to the second woman of the height and width of the dollar bill and his nod of cognition that he has picked up one just like it are as impeccable as anything he ever did.

The character is very much Buster's. Sherlock is cultivated, well dressed, virtuous, and fortunate. He is the forerunner of the well-heeled central figure of "Battling Butler" (1926), of the posh college son of the old captain in "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1928), and, most of all, of Rollo Treadway, the augustly decorous hero of "The Navigator" (1924, but later than "Sherlock Jr."). In the beginning of his dream, The Boy is constantly buffeted by the alien film's overcutting by what Keaton once called to me "the homeless camera." (Like Renoir, among most other great directors, Keaton detested restless editing, and chose that audiences be able to watch in their own time what he was doing.) No sooner does Sherlock jump off a rock into water than it turns out to be snow. No sooner is he on a mountain than he finds himself on flat earth again, between two alarmingly interested lions. Aesthetically, the film plays a subtle and entrancing trick. The movie that the dozy, wistful projectionist is watching is "real," or else his dream of walking into it would not be "unreal;" therefore, the idea that cinema is an illusion is illusory. Sherlock as a figment of film dream can still be harmed by the legerdemain of moviemaking. "Sherlock Jr." transports us because of its gaiety, and also because it understands the truths about the universe which lie in pretense and magic.

"I'M not with the City, the County, the State, or the Feds. I'm not with any collection agency," says Robert Mitchum as Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe in Dick Richards' "Farewell, My Lovely," which is a remake of "Murder, My Sweet," directed by Edward Dmytryk (1944), which was a remake of "The Falcon Takes Over," directed by Irving Reis (1942). The theme of the always male loner has become growingly brutalized in films; there is an earlier and better idea of how to express it in Fred Astaire's gentle, achingly lyric "I'll go my way, by myself." But there is not really much difference in spirit between this Philip Marlowe and the gung-ho vigilante played by Charles Bronson in "Death Wish." Remembering Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, one finds much to regret in this overfed piece of mimeticism by Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, done, presumably, at the behest of the director. The most distinctively conceived thing in the movie is the performance by Sylvia Miles, playing a woman gauzy with alcoholism but clinging to courtesy as if it were the life of someone dear to her.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Champaign-Urbana* (*Ill.*) *News Gazette*]

SPRINGFIELD—William H. Masters and Virginia Johnson, pioneer sex researchers, will be featured speakers at the annual meeting of the Illinois Certified Public Accountants' Society, Sunday through Wednesday at the Forum Motel, Springfield.

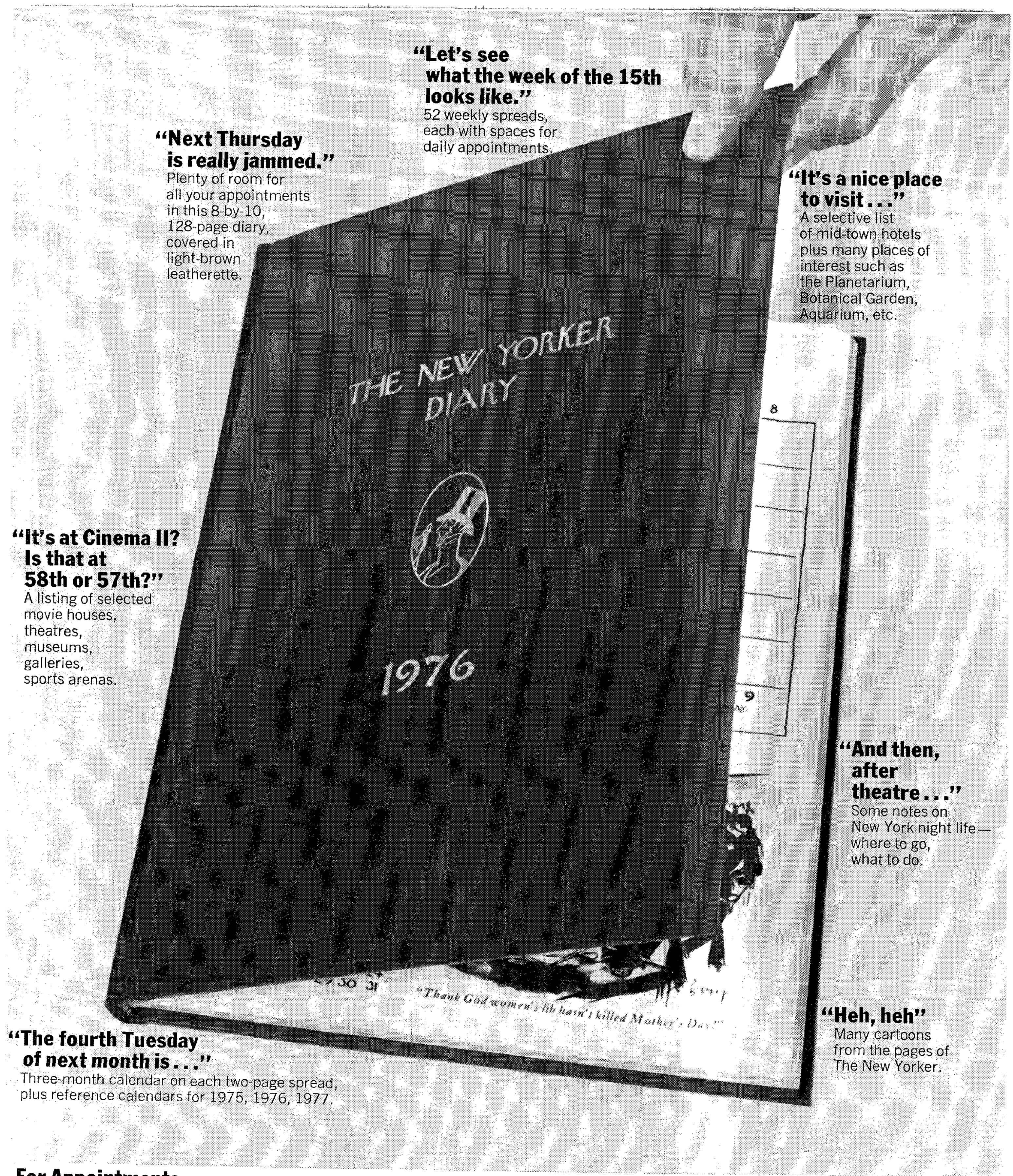
Masters and Johnson are authors of "Human Sexual Response," "Human Sexual Inadequacy," and the newly-released "The Pleasure Bond."

The meeting will also feature technical sessions designed to improve accounting skills.

•

St. Stephens High School senior Mindy Kaye Martin is spending the summer as a foreign exchange student, under the American Field Service program, in Barbados in the West Undies.—*Hickory* (*N.C.*) *Daily Record.*

Doesn't sound terribly foreign, somehow.



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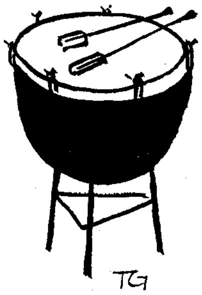
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

STILL another recording of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" has appeared, this one with Roger Soyer, Geraint Evans, Antigone Sgourda, Heather Harper, Helen Donath, Luigi Alva, Alberto Rinaldi, and Peter Lagger—all artists of respectable stature; Daniel Barenboim conducts the English Chamber Orchestra and the Scottish Opera Chorus (Angel SDL-3811; eight sides). This was recorded as it was performed at the Edinburgh Festival—a performance in which some effort was made to duplicate the opera's première, in Prague (small orchestra and small-scale production). Recording a stage performance has drawbacks, and they are evident here. "Dalla sua pace" is not done in the opera, because it was not sung at Prague; it is included in a sort of appendix. Mr. Barenboim, despite the smallness of his orchestra, is a little heavy with his overture, and manages to overpower his singers from time to time, most notably in "Là ci darem la mano." Many recitatives that should be sotto voce are sung at full voice. Mr. Soyer is a suave Don Giovanni; Miss Sgourda is a passionate Donna Anna—except when passion is really needed, as in "Or sai chi l'onore;" Miss Harper is not very well cast as Donna Elvira; Mr. Alva's voice wobbles occasionally as he sings Don Ottavio. And so on. Since there are six rival recordings, including the magnificent one conducted by Colin Davis (Philips) and the almost as magnificent one conducted by Karl Böhm (Deutsche Grammophon), I wonder about the future of this new version.



Colin Davis conducts the Orchestra and Chorus of Covent Garden, as well as Montserrat Caballé, Janet Baker, Wladimiro Ganzarolli, Nicolai Gedda, Richard Van Allan, and Ileana Cotrubas, in Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte" (Philips 6707 025; eight sides), and this is another matter. It is a superb rendition—several great voices, faultless attention to manner, and all the ornamentations scrupulously performed. Miss Baker's voice spreads on one or two high notes, but that is only a tiny flaw. Miss Caballé is wonderfully at home in her enormous jumps, and Mr. Gedda is a master stylist. There are five rival recordings of this, but the new one stands very high on the list.

Six of Mozart's Concertos for Piano and Orchestra, all fairly late and very great works (K. 449, 450, 451, 453, 456, 459), have been done by Peter Serkin, along with the English Chamber Orchestra under the able baton of Alexander Schneider (RCA ARL3-0732; six sides). In a few rapid passages, Mr. Serkin's playing is not articulated with crystal clarity, but it is fluent and stylistically admirable. The orchestra is excellent.

Mozart's Complete Church Sonatas for Organ and Orchestra, better known as Sonatas for Organ and Strings (K. 67, 68, 69, 144, 145, 212, 224, 225, 241, 244, 245, 263, 274, 278, 328, 329, and 336), have been recorded by the Deutsche Bachsolisten, Helmut Winschermann conducting; Daniel Chorzempa is the organ soloist (Philips 6700 061; four sides). These are all early works, from Mozart's Salzburg period, and they are meticulously performed.

An important reissue of recordings made in the fifties and sixties by Fernando Valenti on the harpsichord (Westminster WGM-8280-3; six sides) deals with Domenico Scarlatti's sonatas. A note apologizes for the fact that these recordings are not in conformity with the latest Scarlatti scholarship, but they are quite eloquent. Mr. Valenti, who recorded some three hundred Scarlatti sonatas, is a perfectionist on his instrument. This first volume contains thirty-six of them.

From its great store of old master records RCA has put together two large packages that will appeal to connoisseurs who don't already own the individual recordings. "Ten Great Piano Concertos," played by Artur Rubinstein, includes the Beethoven "Emperor," Brahms' No. 2, Rachmaninoff's No. 2 and his "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini," Tchaikovsky's Concerto No. 1, Schumann's A-Minor, and Mozart's No. 21, K. 467 (RCA CRL7-0725; fourteen sides). Among the accompanying orchestras are the Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf, the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, the RCA Symphony Orchestra under Wallenstein, the New Symphony Orchestra of London under Skrowaczewski, and the Chicago Symphony under Reiner and Giulini. "Ten Great Violin Concertos," played by Jascha Heifetz, is made up of the Bach Double Concerto (with Erick Friedman in the second part), Mozart's No. 5 (K. 219), Beethoven's concerto, the Mendelssohn concerto, Bruch's No. 1 in G Minor, the Brahms concerto, the Tchaikovsky concerto, the Sibelius concerto, the Glazounov concerto, and Prokofieff's No. 2 (RCA CRL6-0720; twelve sides). Among the accompanying orchestras are, in this case, the New Symphony Orchestra of London under Sir Malcolm Sargent, the Boston Symphony under Charles Munch, the Chicago Symphony under Fritz Reiner, and the RCA Symphony Orchestra under Walter Hendl. The performances in both albums are superlative.

AMONG the more notable recent single discs are Mozart's Quartets No. 14, K. 387, and No. 15, K. 421, played in immaculate fashion by the Guarneri Quartet (RCA ARL1-0760); Fauré's not often heard Piano Quartet in C Minor, Op. 15, and his String Quartet, Op. 121, presented memorably by Artur Rubinstein and the Guarneri Quartet (RCA ARL1-0761); Mozart's Violin Concertos Nos. 3 and 5, K. 216 and 219, scrupulously set forth by the great Belgian violinist Arthur Grumiaux, along with the London Symphony under Colin Davis (Philips 835 112 AY); and Mozart's Concertos for Piano and Orchestra Nos. 17 and 24, K. 453 and 491, done by André Previn, along with the London Symphony, Sir Adrian Boult conducting (Angel S-37002). These two piano concertos are among Mozart's finest works, and the versatile Mr. Previn performs them with great sophistication. Other good single discs are Brahms' Piano Concerto No. 2, played with complete understanding by Alfred Brendel, along with the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Bernard Haitink (Philips 6500 767), and "Pavarotti in Concert," with an orchestra conducted by Richard Bonynge, which will delight all admirers of the great tenor's voice (London OS 26391). Two discs I recommend with reserve: Four Ritual Dances from Michael Tippett's "The Midsummer Marriage" and his Concerto for Orchestra (Philips 6580 093), and Piano Sonatas No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, by the same composer (Philips 6500 534). The sonatas constitute a small history of Tippett's style, which is easily assimilable in No. 1 and then becomes angular, atonal, and not very likable. The dances and the concerto involve the London Symphony and the Covent Garden Chorus and Orchestra under Colin Davis; the sonatas are played by Paul Crossley.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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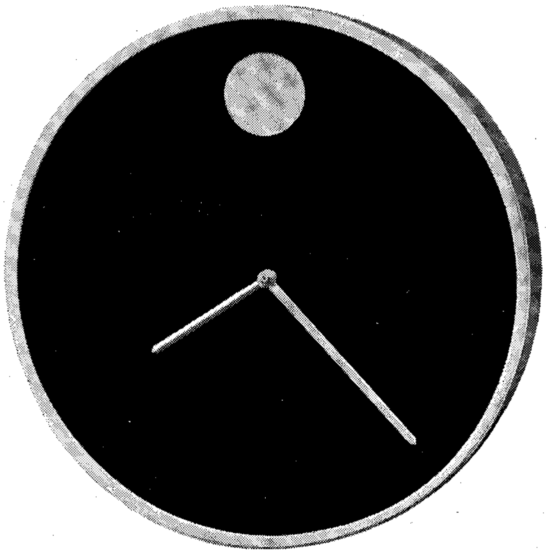
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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY
AUGUST 22, 1975

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

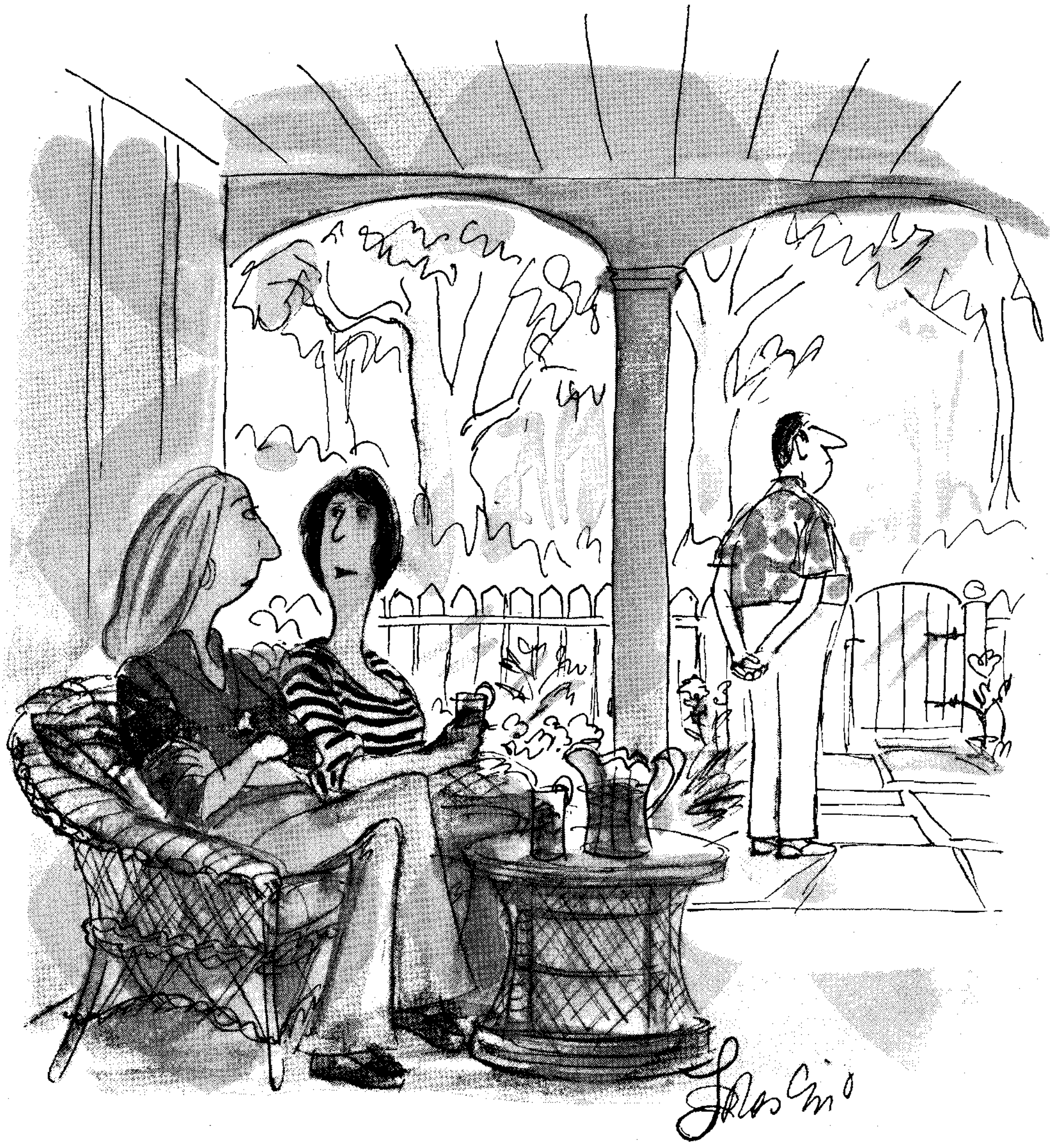
THE pages of the September 9, 1974, issue of *The New Yorker* carried, under the heading Our Local Correspondents, an article written by me about the squirrels of Central Park. These are, of course, gray squirrels (*Sciurus carolinensis*), the common type in the eastern part of our country. Since the article was published, I have received a number of communications about these animals. They have come from various parts of the nation and from Canada. The quantity and the variety of the points they have raised indicate that the company of careful squirrel observers, and those who carry their interest a degree further and might, in the words of one correspondent, be called squirrel people, is considerably larger than I had previously imagined.

One lady from Connecticut spoke about tails. As the article noted, the gray squirrel's tail is one of the most splendid and dramatic attached to any North American quadruped. The eight-to-ten-inch plume, about half the total length of the adult, is a diverse and useful instrument. It serves as a sunshade in summer, as a blanket in cold or stormy weather, as an expressive aid to communication, as a foil in skirmishes between males in the mating season, as a counterbalance in effecting quick turns, as an aerial rudder when the squirrel leaps from branch to branch, and as a parachute to soften the impact of occasional falls from trees. The Connecticut lady writes, "There's another thing squirrels do with their tails. I saw one . . . scraping at its muzzle in a frantic little way with both paws, when it suddenly snatched up the very end of its tail and brushed it in two quick strokes across its mouth. That seemed to do it." Thus another use may be added to the squirrel's tail—that of napkin.

A gentleman from Oregon sends word that his daughter's family lives in Madison, Wisconsin, in a house that backs onto a wooded ravine. This defile is heavily populated with birds and squirrels, and the squirrels unabashedly steal food from the bird feeder. To thwart the thievery, the son-in-law rigged up a cord and pulleys extending from the rail of the upper-level back porch to a big tree about forty feet away. The feeder, hung from the cord, was pulled to the porch for replenishing and then returned to the center for the birds. While my correspondent was a visitor at the house, he was astonished to see a large gray squirrel leap from an upper limb of the tree to the cord, reaching it several yards from the feeder. He then hung upside down on the line and propelled himself quickly to the feeder, using his feet so nimbly and rapidly that he seemed to be running. Attaining his goal, he enjoyed a repast. When people appeared on the porch, he ran back, leaped to a lower limb, and disappeared. With the porch empty, he repeated the performance. My correspondent, marvelling at the mental mechanics in planning such a feat, asks if I have ever seen a similar stunt.

While never having witnessed anything exactly comparable, I can say with no fear of contradiction that one of the greatest problems for those who feed birds is keeping squirrels out of the feeders. In Westchester County, where I once lived, I placed my bird feeder, in desperation, atop a ten-foot iron pole. But to no avail. Pressing the pole with the pads on their feet in some fiendishly clever fashion, squirrels had no difficulty in mounting to the feeder. Following a few initial failures, they would do so even after I had applied a coating of automobile grease to the pole—how, I was never able precisely to determine.

A second tale of the squirrel as a tightrope artist came from a gentleman in Massachusetts. It was occasioned by a remark in my article that



"Well, whatever you call this, it's irksome. He vacillates between 'Tomorrow is another day' and 'It's later than you think.'"

Central Park squirrels avoid the danger of automobiles by waiting for traffic lights to change or crossing streets around the Park in early morning, before the traffic starts. During his residence in North Amherst, the gentleman says, the town center had a wide intersection of highways. He once saw a squirrel approaching the center on a high utility wire running along the edge of the main street. Upon arriving there, the squirrel made a right-angle turn and traversed the entire intersection on a cross wire, completely remote from, and undisturbed by, the traffic below. This same gentleman says that in his present home, in Pelham, Massachusetts, he saw a squirrel making leisurely progress over a high wire along his road. From time to time, it stopped to sniff its footing. The act caused him to wonder whether the wildlife-management department of the state university had been successful in a project undertaken a few years back to discover a squirrel-repellent wire insulation. The problem of squirrels' gnawing through wire insulation, electrocuting themselves, and interrupting service was something I had heard of a number of years ago from Ted Townsend, then a Westchester County game warden. "Why they crave the electrical snacks is beyond me," Townsend said. "But occasionally they do, and then the public utility, its customers in the area, and the squirrels themselves are in trouble."

Squirrels as pets were extremely common both here and abroad in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. And people I know today have had them, including Dr. Richard G. Van Gelder, a curator of mammals at the American Museum of Natural History, who has studied the squirrels of Central Park and who was the principal source for my article. The most personable squirrel pet I ever met belonged to Townsend. It was named Skippy and lived in a box on the kitchen floor. A dentist from time to time worked on its teeth to prevent them from growing too backward, because this particular squirrel had a bad case of malocclusion, and its incisors were so poorly aimed that they couldn't keep each other ground down, as they were supposed to. Skippy was also enormously fond of television, and when Townsend turned on the set and sat down it deserted its box on the kitchen floor and perched contentedly on his shoulder, being particularly interested in wrestling matches, to which it reacted with periodic happy low buzzes. Its mood changed, however, to acute alarm—a state marked by swift

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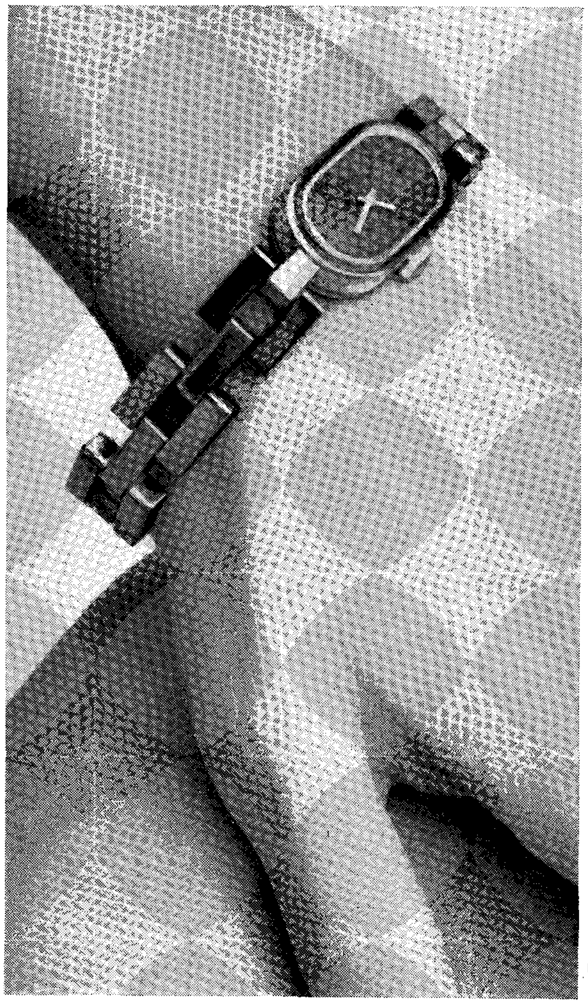
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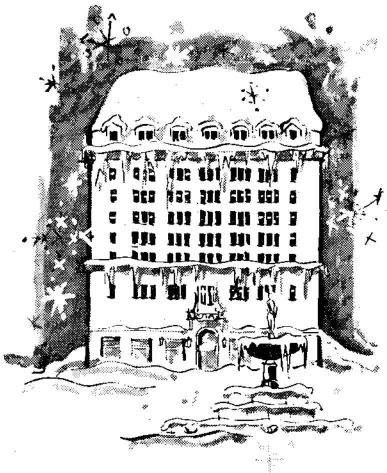

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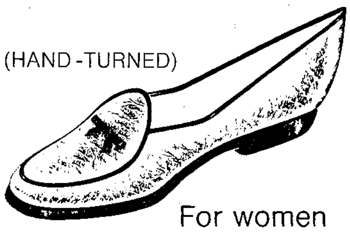

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leaps here and there and angry chattering—whenever Mrs. Townsend pressed her husband's trousers. Townsend's theory was that Skippy had a protective attitude toward him and thought that the trousers were part of his pelt.

While the black variety of the gray squirrel is not unknown in Central Park and increases in quantity the farther one goes north in its range, the albino form is rare almost anyplace. A colony of several hundred albino squirrels, however, is to be found at Olney, in southeastern Illinois. I reported that despite faithful inquiry I had found no record of any in Central Park. My mail brought a contradiction from Mrs. Katharine Janowitz, of Central Park West: "I'm writing to let you know that I have seen an albino squirrel in the precincts of Central Park. This was several years ago, and, confirming the research citing entrances as the locale preferred by most of the squirrel population, this rare, pure-white member was browsing in the shrubbery at the East Seventy-ninth Street entrance. I have never seen an albino since, but, as I was able to watch him for several minutes, there is no question that he was the authentic item. Like the squirrels the article describes, the albino was not in the least timid, and I have no doubt that you will have other letters confirming his existence, and perhaps that of other Park albinos."

Accepting the letter's suggestion that there might have been other viewers, I went up to the East Seventy-ninth Street entrance the other day to see whether I could find any. I must report that on this occasion none of the squirrel feeders I talked with could recall the albino. However, I have no reason to question the statement of Mrs. Janowitz. Accordingly, on the basis of her observation, the presence of at least one albino must be added to the annals of Central Park squirrels.

Leaving the Seventy-ninth Street entrance, I entered the Metropolitan Museum of Art, just a few yards away, to inquire of its public-relations department whether the museum was harboring any squirrels at the moment. For John Black, of State Street, in Brooklyn, had written me a letter, from which I quote the relevant section: "I loved your story about the squirrels' adventures and misadventures in the Big Apple. There's one story that I thought you might like to add to your personal file on the subject. A friend who works at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (Hoving House)

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watched security people chase one of these frisky creatures all over the European-paintings gallery once. But visits from the Park's residents are not at all rare. A few weeks back, I saw a wren in the Junior Museum." After telephone calls to the security forces and to the administration office, the public-relations people assured me that, at the time of my visit, the institution was completely free of squirrels and other forms of Park wildlife. However, there is one inanimate squirrel almost always to be found in the museum. It roosts in the card shop (main floor, Great Hall, to right of grand staircase), and is a very popular postcard: Card No. U 23, entitled "Squirrel in a Hazelnut Tree," a detail from "The Unicorn Is Killed and Brought to the Castle," the sixth tapestry of the series "The Hunt of the Unicorn," probably Flemish, about 1500. The tapestry itself is at The Cloisters—a gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in 1937. This squirrel is a red squirrel, as are all native European squirrels. Today, however, at least in Great Britain, our gray squirrel is a rampant and generally unwelcome immigrant. A British writer on squirrels says, "I know of more than one patriotic Englishman who has been embittered against the whole American nation on account of the presence of their squirrels in his garden," which is an indication of the depth of feeling that squirrels can engender. The rap against our grays is the erroneous belief that they chase out and take over the territory of the British reds. What happened is that the proliferation of the grays in England coincided with a plague that decimated the reds, and British squirrel people put the blame for the widespread disappearance of the native variety on the newcomers. The fact is that the two varieties have no territorial conflicts at all; the reds prefer to live in coniferous forests and the gray in deciduous ones.

Perhaps the first gray to arrive in England was introduced there in 1771 by Benjamin Franklin, who seems unquestionably to have been a squirrel person. He gave the squirrel as a pet to Miss Georgiana Shipley, the young daughter of an Anglican bishop of markedly pro-Colonial views, as whose guest Franklin stayed at Twyford, in Hampshire, for a number of weeks that year. In 1772, the squirrel was killed by a dog, prompting a letter to its young owner from Franklin:

"Dear Miss, I lament with you most sincerely the unfortunate end of poor Mungo. Few squirrels were better accomplished; for he had had a good education, had travelled far, and seen much of the world. As he had the honor of being, for his virtues, your favorite, he should not go, like common skuggs, without an elegy or an epitaph. Let us give him one in the monumental style and measure, which, being neither prose nor verse, is perhaps the properest for grief; since to use common language would look as if we were not affected, and to make rhymes would seem trifling in sorrow.

Epitaph
Alas! poor Mungo!
Happy wert thou, hadst thou known
Thy own felicity.
Remote from the fierce bald eagle,
Tyrant of thy native woods,
Thou hadst nought to fear from
his piercing talons,
Nor from the murdering gun
Of the thoughtless sportsman.
Safe in thy wired castle,
Grimalkin never could annoy thee.
Daily wert thou fed with the choicest
viands,
By the fair hand of an indulgent
mistress;
But, discontented,
Thou wouldst have more freedom.

Too soon, alas! didst thou obtain it;
And wandering,
Thou art fallen by the fangs of wanton,
cruel Ranger!

Learn hence,
Ye who blindly seek more liberty,
Whether subjects, sons, squirrels or
daughters,
That apparent restraint may
be real protection;
Yielding peace and plenty
With security.

"You see, my dear Miss, how much more decent and proper this broken style is, than if we were to say, by way of epitaph,

Here Skugg
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.

and yet, perhaps, there are people in the world of so little feeling as to think that this would be a good-enough epitaph for poor Mungo.

"If you wish it, I shall procure another to succeed him; but perhaps you will now choose some other amusement.

"Remember me affectionately to all the good family, and believe me ever,

"Your affectionate friend . . ."

"Scug" was, and still is, vernacular British for "squirrel." Should a reader recall from my article how easily Central Park squirrels evade dogs, let me explain that Mungo was a pet. He had escaped from his cage and roamed afield. There, meeting a hunter, he leaped to the man's shoulder for pro-

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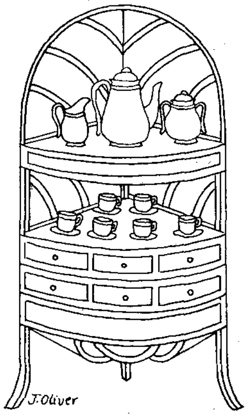
tection when chased by his dog. The man, possibly understandably, flipped him off into the jaws of the dog. Since Mungo was a bachelor, he cannot be held responsible for the plethora of grays now vexing our British cousins. According to the most recent source I was able to find, the first authentic record of American grays in Great Britain, despite earlier nineteenth-century references to the matter, was in the year 1876. Since then, they have colonized much of the country.

I am indebted for the Franklin story to a member of the Harvard University faculty, Mrs. Dorothy Kamen-Kaye, who told me that if I had any real interest in squirrels I must forthwith look it up. Her letter indicated her own interest, and that of her husband, in squirrels. It said, in part: “When we lived in New York, in the early sixties, we became friends with many of your squirrels. We used to hand-feed them, and I remember still those dry, hot little paw-nails, as they took the peanuts we gave them. (I am desolated that I did not know we ought to have offered them another kind of nut.) The ones we fed, though, looked fat and frisky.” This was a reference to the fact that Van Gelder had found a relatively large amount of fur loss and eye trouble in Park squirrels and suspects that both conditions may result from a diet of too many peanuts. My correspondent went on to say that Harvard Yard squirrels, which are numerous, are, for the most part, gray with rusty backbone fur. In the Yard, they seem tamer and fatter than around the Law School, she reported. Furthermore, by osmosis or otherwise, they have apparently acquired an intellectual superiority to their compeers. One atrociously slushy day in the Yard, she and her husband fed one of these squirrels a nut: “He took it and then climbed onto Maurice’s suède loafer—sat there eating the peanut, then went off quite composedly, as though sitting on a friend’s shoe to eat, out of the puddles, was quite the thing to do.”



My most provocative letter I quote in its entirety: “Dear Mr. Eugene Kinkead, In the September 9th issue of *The New Yorker*, In the article on Central Park Squirrels, you state that ‘Cracked nuts (which would spoil) are never buried’ But I have observed, in Toronto, that they do. Why? Jennifer Schengili, age 9, 105 Wineva ave., Toronto Ontario Canada.”

I was, in all truth, flummoxed by that imperious “Why?” For I had certainly said, on the basis of considerable research into scientific literature, that squirrels do not bury cracked nuts. However, I was not paralyzed. I reached on the telephone, in his office at North Carolina State University, Dr. F. S. Barkalow, an eminent squirrel authority, and relayed Jennifer’s announcement. He replied that while it is possible for a single squirrel to do almost anything with a nut, in his experience squirrels do not bury cracked ones. After pondering this, I thought that perhaps Jennifer was having truck with a passel of squirrel cretins. This, however, was not the case, as I found upon further investigation. In the interest of scientific accuracy, I toyed with, but put aside, the notion of racing up to Toronto to see Jennifer and her squirrels. Instead, I decided to call her mother and inquire whether the facts on the nut-burying squirrels were indeed those that Jennifer had reported. In as grave a matter as this, I thought, such new intelligence should not go into the pages of zoology on the mere say-so of a nine-year-old. Mrs. Schengili told me that everything her daughter had said was quite correct. The squirrels in their northerly area are both grays and the black, or melanistic, form of the grays. “We live in a section of town called the Beaches,” Mrs. Schengili said. “It is along the lake and has many squirrels, both gray and black. We feed them all the time, not just with peanuts but with a mixture of nuts. Some of these are cracked. But we have seen them bury these right along with the sound ones.”

That, you might think, would have ended the matter. Having got into it this deep, however, I had another thought. If Toronto squirrels bury cracked nuts (which in due course would most certainly spoil), would they by any chance bury nuts without any shell at all, which would certainly spoil much quicker? In the interest of broadening scientific information, I felt that this question, too, should be answered. I telephoned in Toronto the office of the Boy Scouts of Canada, whose personnel, I thought, would be not only prepared but reliable and wise in the ways of nature as well. Following some initial surprise by the switchboard operator at the explanation for my call, I was put in touch with Arthur L. Jackson, the director of the Training & Program Office, a man who knows both squirrels and the Beaches well. He agreed to get in touch with the Schengilis, with whom I was by then on cordial terms, and take some shelled nuts out to their home.

Mr. Jackson's subsequent report gave me a number of facts. Jennifer, he reported, is an intelligent, ecology-minded young lady who bulwarks her knowledge of the animal world by attending lectures at the Royal Ontario Museum and going on weekly outdoor nature rambles. She scrapes half a walnut shell on a stone as a signal to call her squirrels for feeding. These consist of Peter and Mooch, blacks; Beggar, Grabber, and Brooch, solid grays; and Rings, an unusual gray with white markings, described as "officious." Now the important part of Mr. Jackson's communication: "I fed Peter shelled unsalted peanuts. He certainly filled himself, and we despaired of seeing him bury any. However, after eating six or eight, he ran over to the base of a silver maple and buried the next three. With the fourth he performed beautifully. He went two doors north, cleared away the leaves, dug a sizeable hole, laid in the nut, covered it over thoroughly, and then rearranged the leaves. . . . Yes, squirrels do bury shelled nuts."

Therefore, on the strength of statements by Jennifer, Mrs. Schengili, and Mr. Jackson, two new facts can be added about squirrels. Those in the Beaches of Toronto, at least, not only bury nuts with cracked shells, they bury nuts with no shells at all.

Sincerely,
EUGENE KINKEAD

●

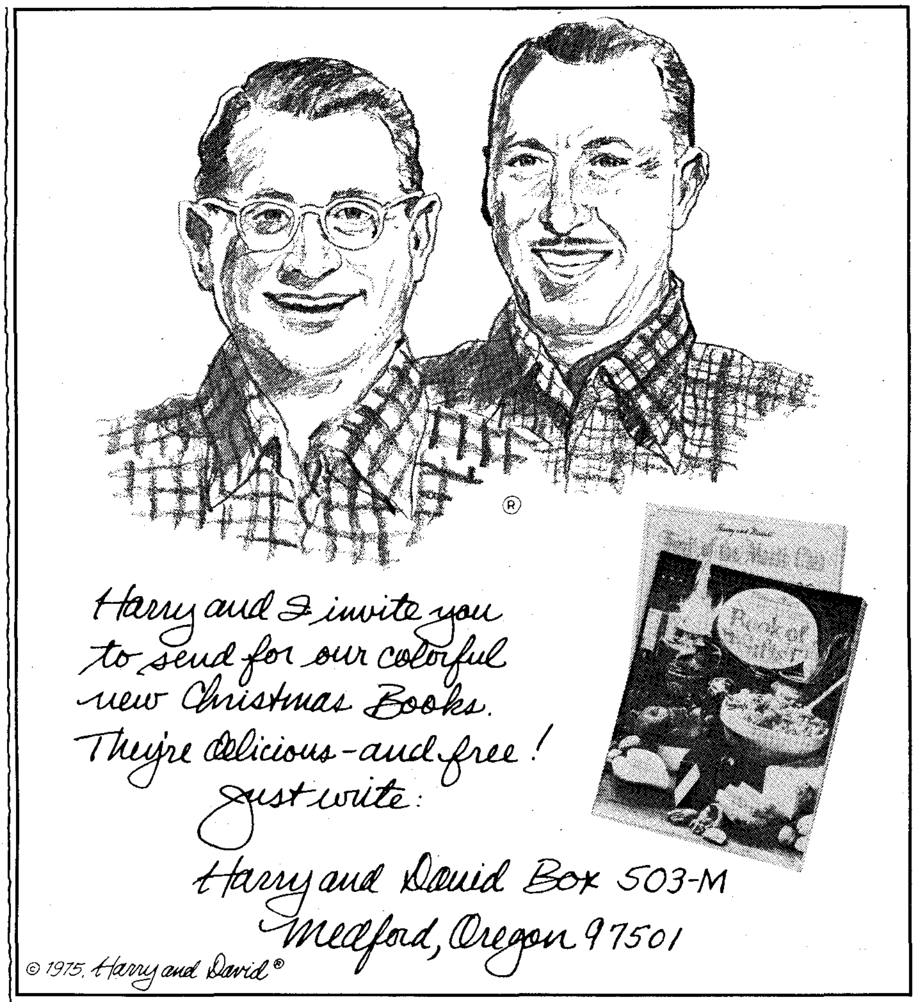
WASHINGTON—The Consumer Product Safety Commission said Monday it has turned down a petition for a ban on aerosol sprays which critics contend may be destroying portions of the earth's atmosphere. The agency said it took the action on a three to two vote because it felt there was not enough information available at present to warrant such a move.—*Bangor Daily News.*

Good! That takes care of doomsday for another twenty minutes.

●

Richard Wagner composed his opera "Tristan and Isolde" here, and Thornton Wilder wrote his best seller "On the Town"—an absolutely apple pie type American play—in Zurich.—*Montreal Gazette.*

You're thinking of "West Side Story."



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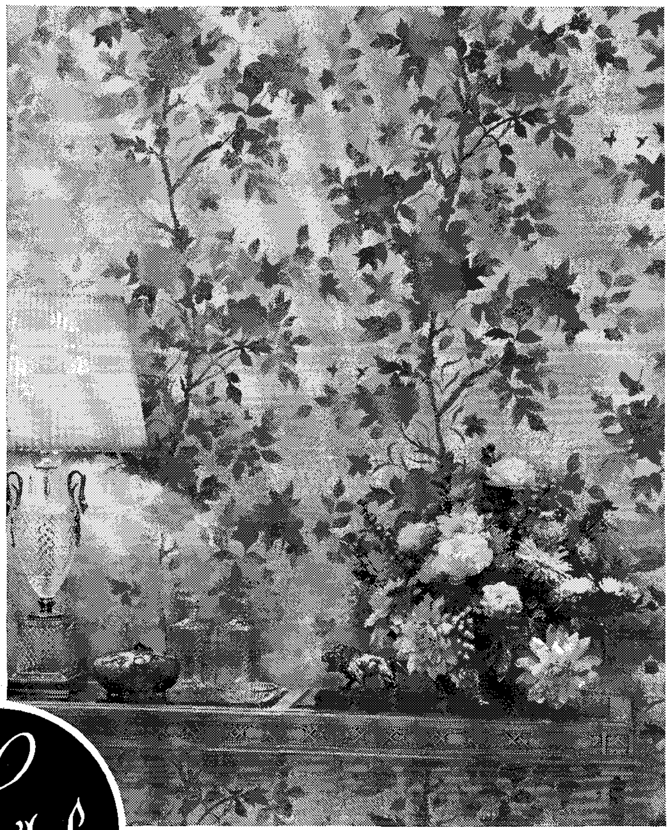

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THE RACE TRACK

Bye-bye Saratoga

LAST Saturday, for the second time in its seventy-one runnings, the Hopeful Stakes, which is traditionally the climax of the season at Saratoga Springs, was split and sent off in two divisions. (The other time was a year ago, and The Bagel Prince and Foolish Pleasure were the winners.) This year, both fields were distinguished more by quantity than by quality, but the nine colts or geldings in each section gave the crowd of more than twenty-six thousand plenty to cheer about. Elmendorf's Jackknife, the favorite, won the first division by nearly three lengths, and Eugene Cashman's Eustace, a 9–1 chance, beat the October House Farm's Iron Bit, with whom he'd raced head-and-head throughout the six and a half furlongs, by a nose in the very last stride. Originally, the Hopeful was the semi-official public trial for the Futurity, the blue ribbon of two-year-old racing, and a number of top horses, including Man o' War, who won both, are on its list of winners. It should be interesting to follow the future progress of Jackknife, a bay by Jacinto out of Park Princess, and Eustace, a bay by Delta Judge out of Dauntu. The Hopeful would probably not have been split, and the New York Racing Association would have saved the $45,000 it added to the purses, if Calumet Farm's unbeaten Turn to Turia had run, for he would have scared away at least half a dozen probable starters. But he's being reserved for the Futurity, at Belmont Park on the sixth.

On the other hand, only five two-year-old fillies came out to try to match strides with Dearly Precious in the Spinaway Stakes the day before the Hopeful. They didn't. She led from start to finish of the six furlongs, winning in hand by a length from Optimistic Gal for her seventh consecutive victory—and her sixth in a stakes race. Steve DiMauro, who trains her for Richard Bailey, hasn't done badly at the Spa; he also prepared Wajima for his galloping ten-length victory in the Travers. His plans for Dearly Precious include the Frizette Stakes at Belmont Park on October 4th, and the Selima Stakes at Laurel a month later; then she'll call it a day for the season.

Returning travellers report that steeplechasing at Saratoga was the best in years. And I wouldn't be surprised if it returns to Belmont Park, where it belongs. The steeplechase season at the Spa ended with the New York Turf Writers Cup Handicap, which brought out the best field of the meeting and was won by Miss Virginia Guest's filly Life's Illusion; she beat Soothsayer, who was the star of 1973 hereabouts and ran well in England last year. Arctic Joe was third and Gran Kan, the 1974 Eclipse Award winner, was fourth. Earlier, on Steeplechase Day, Life's Illusion won the Lovely Night Handicap.

All the returns aren't in, but there's no possible doubt that the 1975 season was the most successful financially that the N.Y.R.A. has had at Saratoga Springs since the coming of OTB. Attendance of 453,466 set a record. What the Old Lady of Union Avenue needs is a new grandstand.

THE paintings and anatomical etchings of the English artist George Stubbs (1724-1806), who was a master at portraying race horses, have recently been ranked along with the works of such contemporaries of his as Reynolds and Gainsborough. His paintings of horses were almost photographic, and were free of the snakelike heads and the long necks that other artists gave the racers of those days. Stubbs knew how horses were put together; the son of a currier, or leather dresser, he was sketching bones he found in his father's tannery by the time he was eight, and by the age of sixteen he was an itinerant portrait painter, winding up at York, where there was a race track. There he did a portrait of Gimcrack, for whom a noted English race was named, and after that he had no lack of patrons. Now David Godine, a Boston publisher, has brought out "The Anatomical Works of George Stubbs," by Terence Doherty, which contains two hundred and seventy-two full-page reproductions of Stubbs's works. It's an expensive book—sixty-five dollars at present, eighty-five after October 1st—but I expect you will see it on the library tables of all the posh breeding farms in Kentucky and California.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Dr. Joyce Brothers in Family Weekly*]

The ideal distance, studies show, from which to influence others is 15 feet.

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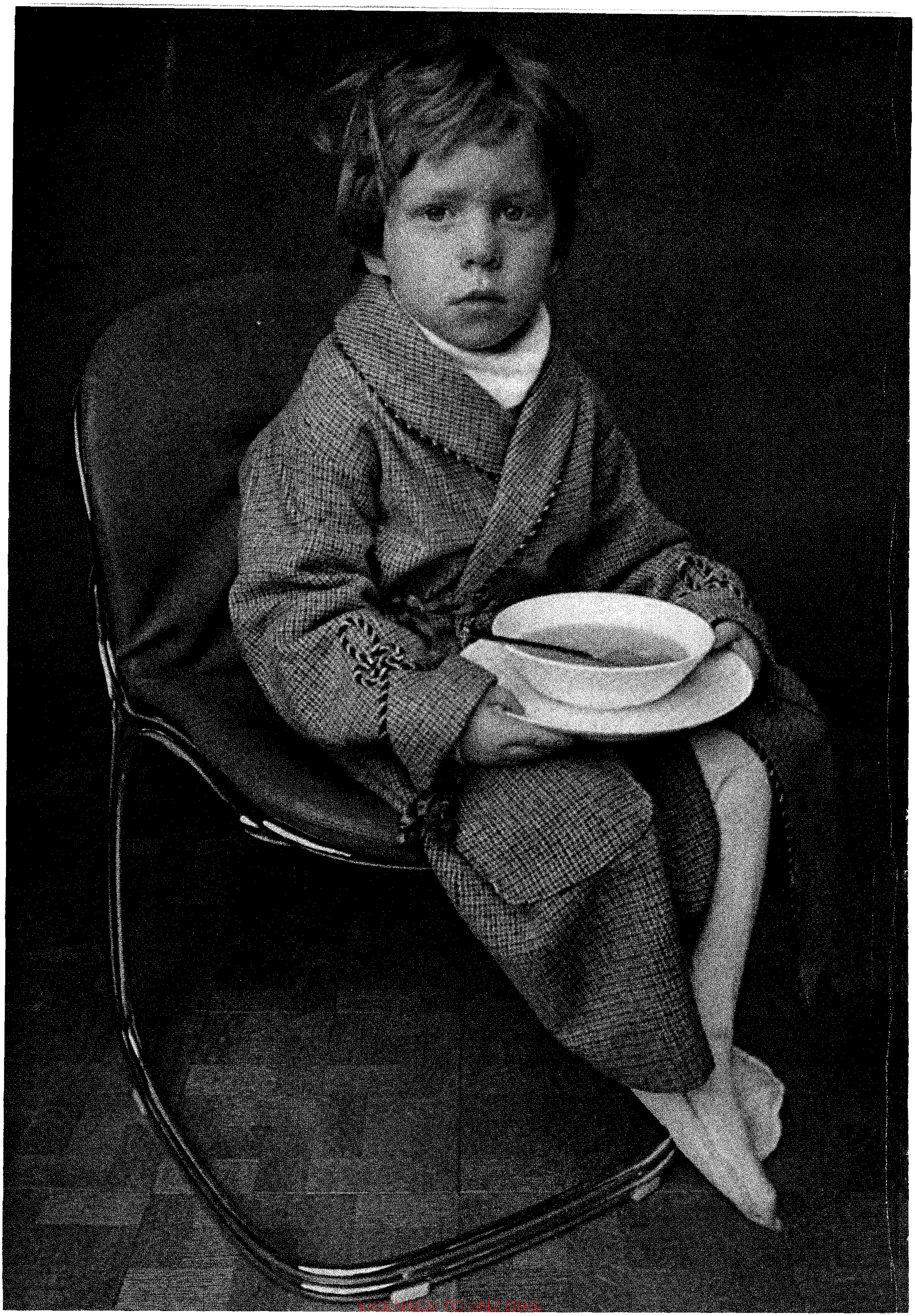

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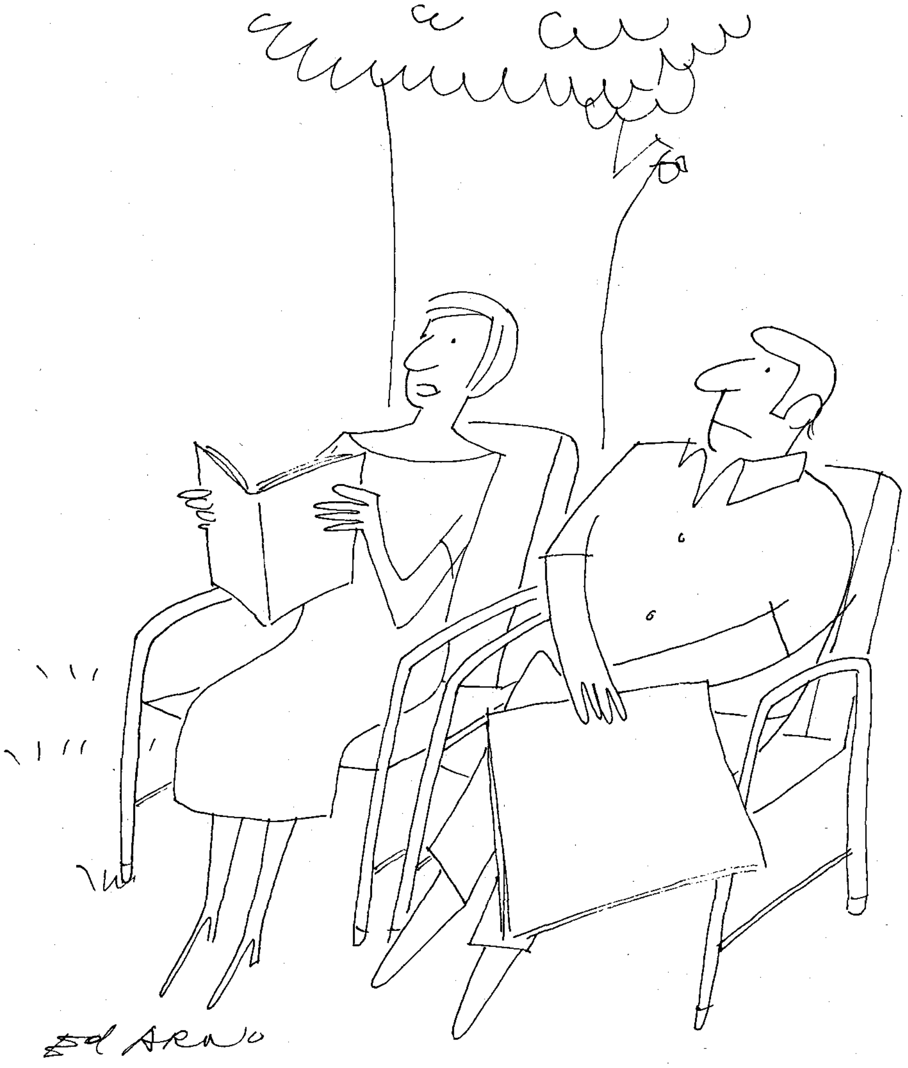
BOOKS

Small Cheer from the Old Sod

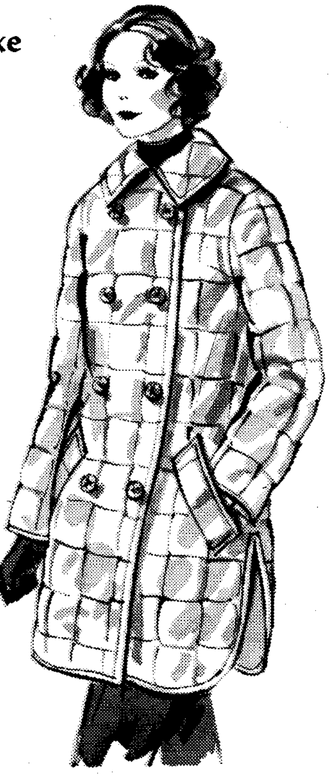
THERE, in the dead center of the wall of books beyond the iron spiral staircase of my friend the Bennington professor's perfectly furnished home, they were: the slim, sans-serif spines of Grove Press's paperback editions of Samuel Beckett, complete. The books looked bought at one blow and, if not pristine, used delicately. So enshrined, they composed not merely an *œuvre* but a canon: Beckett's work is a single holy book, an absolute of purity and negation by whose light all else in contemporary literature appears somewhat superfluous and unclean. A touchstone not often touched, for who except Hugh Kenner and his fellow-postulants in the bleak discipline of modernism has really pushed his eyes through all the chop-logic of "Watt" and all the hopeless droning of "The Unnamable"? But then who has time to read anyway? Blankness is the aesthetic answer to our haste. That Beckett has worked in isolation and obscurity, in a drastic privacy highlighted rather than relieved by the international success of "Waiting for Godot" and the Nobel Prize in 1969; that he has published parsimoniously; that his works get smaller and smaller ("the expression that there is nothing to express," as he put it in one of his rare interviews)—all this better consorts with our sense of what a writer should be than any Victorian exuberance and heedless pride of creatorship. Beckett's books feel honorably eked out on the edge of agony and silence; their pain is their integrity and their music.

Now a new work is slipped into the canon: "Mercier and Camier," a short novel written in French in 1946, published in French in 1970, and, as translated by the author into English, offered to Americans by Grove Press. Like Nabokov, Beckett seems to be cleaning up his desk; as his imagination drives him ever closer to the terminal minimum (the fourteen-hundred-word opus "Lessness," the thirty-five-second play "Breath"), he releases some relatively youthful and expansive works. "Mercier and Camier," though in itself frivolous, brittle, and less than cathartic, occupies a pivotal place in the canon: it is the first of Beckett's prose works to be originally written in French. Indeed, it seems to be the first motion of that remarkable postwar exertion whereby Beckett, casting off his native tongue and perhaps thereby moving out from under the shadow of his mentor Joyce, transformed himself, in a five-year siege of writing in his Paris apartment, from a slothful dilettante into a master; by 1950 he had composed the three novels of his trilogy ("Molloy," "Malone Dies," and "The Unnamable"), a number of short stories, one play ("Eleutheria") never published, and one ("Waiting for Godot") that is as surely a masterpiece as any work of the modern theatre. His shift from English to French coincided with the liberation of Europe from the oppression of war. Beckett, who chose to abandon the safety of Ireland in 1939 ("I preferred France in war to Ireland in peace," he told Hugh Kenner), ran genuine risks during the Occupation, as a member of the Resistance. Narrowly escaping the Gestapo in Paris, he survived in Vichy France by passing himself off as a peasant and laboring as one. During this period, in the evenings, he wrote his second, and last, English-language novel, "Watt." "Mercier and Camier" is evidently the first creative fruit of his return to Paris. Though steeped in Beckettian futility and gloom, the book does have a holiday air; a sense of lifted nightmare hangs over its ambiguously located city, and its heroes, in their aimless wandering, seem to be hesitantly exploring a new freedom, as the author is exploring a new language.

To move from the prose of "Watt" to that of "Mercier and Camier" is to step into a relatively sparkling atmosphere. Too easily, in "Watt," Beckett spins catalogues and inconsequential distinctions out of his lifelong preoccupations with arithmetic and scholastic logic. (His father, interestingly, was a quantity surveyor for construction projects, an estimator of bricks



"Do you ever get the feeling you may have lived in a previous economy?"



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and man-hours, and, though Beckett's family was Protestant, no Irish writer is more obsessed with the quantitative aspect of Catholicism, its scholastic inventories and purgatorial durations.) In "Mercier and Camier," the alien tongue forces terseness upon him; in its stichomythic exchanges the novel resembles "Waiting for Godot":

> You kept me waiting, said Mercier.
> On the contrary, said Camier.
> I arrived at nine five, said Mercier.
> And I at nine fifteen, said Camier.
> You see, said Mercier.
> Waiting, said Camier, and keeping waiting can only be with reference to a pre-arranged terminus.

Nothing is easy for them; having arranged to meet to begin a journey, they come and go alternately, just missing. At last met, at nine-fifty, they are confounded by a rain that begins to fall "with quite oriental abruptness." While keeping dry in a pavilion, they are diverted by two fornicating dogs and accosted by "the first of a long line of maleficent beings"—a uniformed "ranger," whose ferocious impersonation of authority ends by foisting off on them a bicycle that is not theirs. By now it is late afternoon. "The day of toil is ended, said Camier, a kind of ink rises in the east and floods the sky." Their destination as uncertain as their setting out is tardy, they pedal off. And so it goes. They enter pubs. They encounter loquacious strangers. They visit a prostitute called Helen. They curse God. They lose their umbrella. They kill a policeman. They find their umbrella. They part on the edge of the city. They reunite, meeting Watt, from the previous novel. They part, finally. "Dark at its full" are the novel's last words. We have learned that Mercier is bearded and tall, with a great, bony red nose and somewhere a wife, and even children, whom he abuses frightfully when he chances upon them, and that Camier, "mirror of magnanimity and ingenuity," has stout little bandy legs, four chins, beady eyes, and a card identifying him as "Private Investigator/Soul of Discretion," but where their pilgrimage was meant to go, or why it was undertaken, is never any clearer than the purpose of human life. In the telling, the cruel and puerile incidents are relieved by rays of descriptive beauty, sentences so finely balanced and quietly phrased as to suffuse entire scenes with their melancholy tenderness. At Helen's:

> Before the blazing fire, in the twofold light of lamp and leaden day, they squirmed gently on the carpet, their naked bodies mingled, fingering and fondling with the languorous tact of hands

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arranging flowers, while the rain beat on the panes.

On the moors outside the city:

> ... a moor unbroken save for a single track, where no shade ever falls, winding out of sight its gentle alternate curves. Not a breath stirs the pale grey air. In the far distance here and there the seam of earth and sky exudes a sunflooded beyond.
>
> It is here one would lie down, in a hollow bedded with dry heather, and fall asleep, for the last time, on an afternoon, in the sun, head down among the minute life of stems and bells, and fast fall asleep, fast farewell to charming things.

Beckett, of course, is bemused rather than persuaded by the "charming things" of "this hospitable chaos;" he greets dawn by saying, "It's the foul old sun yet again, punctual as a hangman." Joy comes in "saltspoonfuls ... a bonny little agony homeopathically distilled, what more can you ask?" His poetry is a poetry of the dust:

> *But there is still day, day after day,* afterlife all life long, the dust of all that is dead and buried rising, eddying, settling, burying again. So let him wake, Mercier, Camier, no matter, Camier, Camier wakes, it's night, still night, he doesn't know the time, no matter, he gets up and moves away, in the dark, lies down again a little further on, still in the ruins, they are extensive.

Why Beckett initially refused to publish—why he "jettisoned," as he described it—a work that secretes so much humor and beauty in its little wasteland invites speculation. Just as its mise-en-scène is a French city with Irish manners, canals, and references ("the great Sarsfield," "the Gaelic dialect"), so "Mercier and Camier" is a kind of hybrid, too, holding within it the two divergent trends of the author's future production. Until the late, diagrammatic stories, of which the ninety-five-hundred-word "The Lost Ones" is the longest, Beckett would not again write fiction in the third person. His novels became first-person monologues. Dialogue and objectivity he relocated on the stage, and, indeed, "Mercier and Camier" has the feel of a play, even to the "curtains" that come every two chapters, in the form of placard-like summations of the previous action. Had this been published, "Waiting for Godot" might have seemed less of a revelation, and even redundant. In his novels, beginning with "Molloy," the mind alone, revolving in solipsism, sinking in upon its doubts, relishing the precisions of its imprecisions, became Beckett's home and his voice. Thus he released himself from the "chloroformed world" of

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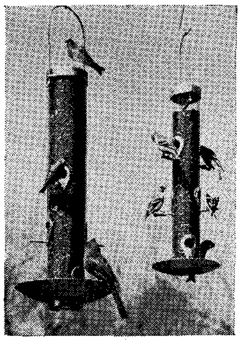

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Balzacian fiction, as he had diagnosed it in 1931: "[Balzac] can write the end of his book before he has finished the first paragraph, because he has turned all his creatures into clockwork cabbages and can rely on their staying put. . . . The whole thing, from beginning to end, takes place in a spellbound backwash." How curiously well this description fits the fictional world Beckett evolved on opposed principles! The reality of the individual, he wrote, "is an incoherent reality and must be expressed incoherently." From 1946 on, his heroes find their coherence in confessed incoherence, and the calculating, sniping, intrusive author of the first three novels falls away, his Sisyphean writing difficulties absorbed by his personae. All of Beckett's French-language fiction after "Mercier and Camier" seems predicted in the final two lines of the last, and best, poem he composed in English, in this pivotal year of 1946:

> Vire will wind in other shadows
> unborn through the bright ways
>   tremble
> and the old mind ghost-forsaken
> sink into its havoc

BRIAN O'NOLAN, who wrote under the pen names of Flann O'Brien and Myles na Gopaleen, was five years younger than Beckett, sounded his genius earlier, husbanded it less thriftily, and died young, at the age of fifty-four. As with Scott Fitzgerald, there is a brilliant ease in his prose, a poignant grace glimmering off every page; and, like Fitzgerald, he had books to say about his student days, though less romantically. Ireland-bound from birth to death, he wrote of a "Hard Life" and a confined world where, as in Beckett's, threadbare monsters menace a slothful hero and "morning would come slowly, decaying to twilight in the early afternoon." His great book, "At Swim-Two-Birds," was published in 1939. It seems even more precocious than it is, concerning, at bottom, the indolent, frivolous, but inspired attempt of a college student to write a book—a fantastic, parodistic stew of drunken banter, journalese, pulp fiction, and Celtic myth. Like Beckett, O'Brien (to give him his best-known name) has the gift of the perfect sentence, the art, which they both learned from Joyce, of tuning plain language to a lyric pitch. In O'Brien's case, the pedantic undertone is encouraged to surface as comedy:

> It was in the New Year, in February, I think, that I discovered that my person was verminous. A growing irritation in various parts of my body led me to examine my bedclothes and the discovery of lice in large numbers was the result of my researches. I was surprised and experienced also a sense of shame. I resolved at the time to make an end of my dissolute habits and composed mentally a régime of physical regeneration which included bending exercises.

Unlike Beckett and Joyce, O'Brien never internationalized himself; his subject matter remained provincial, without the enhancing aura of willed imaginative return from exile, and his tone partakes, a bit tipsily, of local lilt and whimsey. The lousy narrator of "At Swim-Two-Birds" is upstaged by the Good Fairy:

> I recognize that that is good eating, said the Good Fairy, though myself I have no body that I could feed. As a feat of eating it is first-rate.
>
> When I spoke last, said the Good Fairy, I was kneeling in the cup of your navel but it is bad country and I am there no longer.
>
> There is little doubt but that you are over-fond of the old talk, said the Good Fairy.

Two years after "At Swim-Two-Birds," O'Brien published a short book truly in the "old talk," a satiric narrative in Gaelic: "An Béal Bocht," now translated by Patrick C. Power as "The Poor Mouth: A Bad Story About the Hard Life" (Viking), with appropriately dismal drawings by Ralph Steadman. Steadman's cartoons, in an especially smudgy charcoal, are an unusual modern instance of successful book illustration: they capture not only the foolery of O'Brien's tale but its harshness, its indignant anger. A marvellous literary mimic, O'Brien is here parodying a class of books unknown to all but a few Americans—the twentieth-century novels written in Gaelic by authors like Tomás Ó Criomhthainn and Máire (Séamas Ó Grianna). Helped by the translator's footnotes, we can see through this travesty into the originals: stories extolling, with phrases like "a child among the ashes" and "grey-wool breeches" and "their likes will not be there again," the simple life of the peasantry of "the little green country." O'Brien's "bad story" literally adheres to the literary clichés:

> It has always been the destiny of the true Gaels (if books be credible) to live in a small, lime-white house in the corner of the glen as you go eastwards along the road.

Before discoursing on the "old times," old Gaels always shove "two hooves" into the ashes and "redden" their pipes; once, because " 'tis said in the

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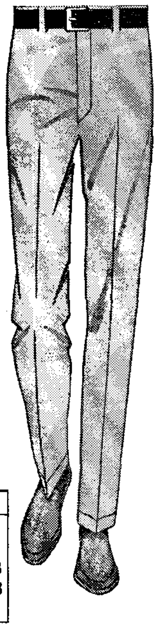

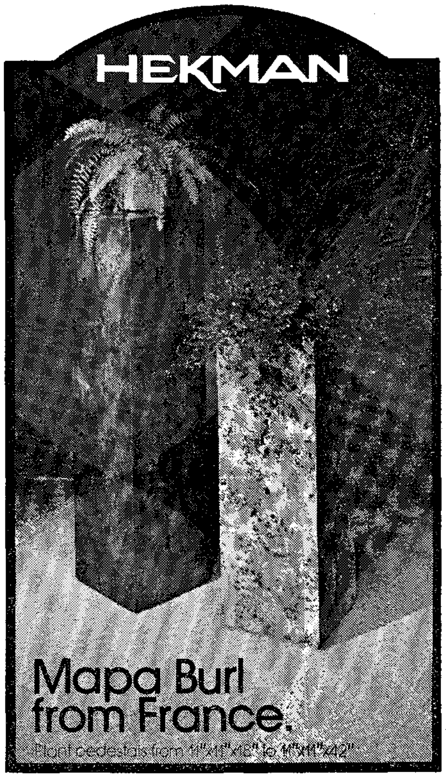
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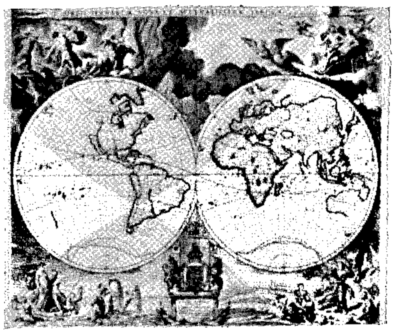

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good books that describe the affairs of the Gaelic paupers that it's in the middle of the night that two men come visiting if they have a five-noggin bottle," two characters, arriving prematurely in midafternoon, sit for hours in the rain before knocking.

Yet more than the artifices of a romantic revival are pilloried; Irish poverty is placed beyond sentimentalizing by a series of comic exaggerations that are merciless. The narrator, a youth named Bonaparte O'Coonassa, lives in a "small, lime-white, unhealthy house" with his mother, his grandfather—the Old-Fellow—and a number of livestock, including a pig called Ambrose, who is both huge and sick: "The pig was doubtlessly ill and vapour arose from him reminiscent of a corpse unburied for a month." Ambrose, furthermore, is too fat to be evicted from the cottage through the door. Bonaparte's mother is about to die of the odor when the Old-Fellow drags her outside into the perpetual rain and has the house sealed so that the pig, within, dies of its own stench. When Bonaparte goes to school, his skull is split by the master, a maniac who screams at all his students that their name is Jams O'Donnell. An especially poor native of this County Corkadoragha, Sitric O'Sanassa, lives in a hole in the ground and, discovering an underwater cave where he can chew the tasteless meat of dead seals, refuses to leave: "It did not appear that he would desert such a well-built comfortable abode after all he had experienced of the misery of Corkadoragha." Our hero, himself starving, discovers some gold, and when he dares buy a pair of boots with it is sentenced to twenty-nine years' imprisonment at a trial of which he doesn't understand a word. The connection between Gaelic and impoverishment is often made: "In one way or another, life was passing us by and we were suffering misery, sometimes having a potato and at other times having nothing in our mouths but sweet words of Gaelic." Though the Revolution is long by, the authorities speak English and have the insane ferocity of the policemen in Beckett. In two savage episodes, a visiting folklorist records and rewards a pig under the impression that its grunts are Gaelic, and the orators of a Gaelic *feis* extoll the language while in the audience "many Gaels collapsed from hunger and from the strain of listening." Even more than being defeated or exploited, people hate being condescended to, and the nationalist cherishing of Gaelic, O'Brien suggests, was a galling form of condescension. His little book, with its heaping "saltspoonfuls" of bitterness, was received as an outrage in Ireland and was not reprinted until 1964. Then the author, a few years before his death, noted in his foreword that people of the areas where "the sweet Gaelic dialect . . . is oftener in their mouths than a scrap of food" are thinning out; "the young folk are setting their faces towards Siberia in the hope of better weather." The emigration is apt. Irish and Russian literature both give us the impression of a race whose rich human nature has never been matched by its institutions or its climate.

Patrick C. Power has performed sorcery in translating a work so specific in its allusions and exotic in its language. His helpful use of footnotes, grouped unobtrusively at the rear, has been mentioned. Again and again, so consistently that we come to take it for granted, Mr. Power re-creates Gaelic piquancies in English:

> The stars lighted me, the ground beneath my feet was level and the cold condiment of the nocturnal wind sharpened my appetite for potatoes.
>
> There was no sweet sound there and any hand which was raised did not accomplish a good deed.
>
> The darkness had now become rotten with its breath, causing my health to forsake me at full speed. . . . Within me arose a storm of blood, a well of sweat and excessive fuss of mind.

This is more than translation; it is invention. —John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Country Music, by C. W. Smith (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The story of B. J. Gilbert, a hot-rodding, beer-guzzling, woman-ruining man's man of an adolescent from a small town in west Texas, whose dreams of big-time success are crumpled by a humiliating semester at State College and a nightmarish marriage to a frigid, scheming all-American Kewpie doll of a wife. B.J. and his bride are nothing if not caricatures, but Mr. Smith has a gift for comic scenes, and readers may appreciate the intentions behind two of his other creations—a low-down home-town girl named Nelda Sue, who can't quite fill B.J.'s bill, and a pinball-playing lesbian named Polly, who seems the only character that hasn't been turned out by some sexual assembly line. This novel is easy to enjoy on a cartoon level, but only on that level; when it hints darkly that B.J. is an elemental force that can't be denied, it becomes fuzzy and shallow.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS: A NOVEL OF SOUTH AFRICA, by Sheila Gordon (Crown). A horrifying and obviously knowing portrait of the moral and judicial climate in modern South Africa, thinly (and annoyingly) frosted with the meagrest of fictional elements. After a ten-year forced exile in England, a middle-aged doctor, Paul, who was once jailed for aiding a wounded black guerrilla, is granted a special one-week visa to visit his dying father in Johannesburg. He is hardly off the plane before he meets people who tell him that what was bad when he left is worse now, and that hardly anyone he knows has been left untouched by the oppressive government bureaucracy. The development of the book is less from scene to scene than from atrocity story to atrocity story, with a wide spectrum of society—a dedicated liberal lawyer, a black underground fighter, a beautiful Indian doctor who once was Paul's mistress—telling anguished tales of racial indignities and acts of violence against their friends and families. The stories have such an authentic ring that one wishes the author, a native of South Africa who now lives in New York, had simply written a straight piece of journalism about her subject. Her flimsy characters and plot have virtually no nonpolitical raison d'être, and, more important, by sticking to the facts she would certainly have written a more useful book. Injustices like political torture and concentration camps speak most eloquently for themselves.

GENERAL

THE CHICKEN BOOK, by Page Smith and Charles Daniel (Little, Brown). It is some measure of the thoroughness, and the enthusiasm, with which the authors (Mr. Smith is a historian, and his collaborator a biologist) ventilate the history of *Gallus domesticus* that they devote a good three pages to the venerable metaphysical brain-twister about the precedence of the chicken or the egg, and then resolve the question with Samuel Butler's airy teaser that "a hen is only an egg's way of making another egg." Indeed, if anything, their examination of the many aspects of their surprisingly complex subject—origins, evolution, literature, culture, folklore, biology, hus-

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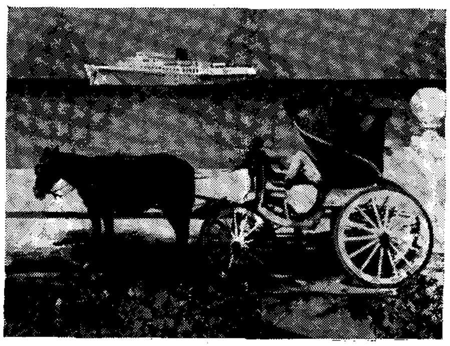

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bandry, cuisine, and the almost universal and almost universally deplored sport of cockfighting—is a bit too thorough for any but enthusiasts like themselves. A valuable book nonetheless.

UNWRITTEN MEMORIES, by Katia Mann, edited by Elisabeth Plessen and Michael Mann, translated from the German by Hunter and Hildegarde Hannum (Knopf). The recollections of the ninety-two-year-old widow of Thomas Mann are almost girlishly unself-conscious and wholly absorbing. Mrs. Mann, who, to judge by photographs, has always been a beauty, is also very intelligent, but the quality the reader most enjoys is her high-spirited, confident, chipper outlook. She recalls her girlhood in Munich, and her courtship, marriage, motherhood, and exile. She writes of her husband with love and admiration that are peculiarly attractive and credible because there is no trace of servility, awe, or worship. Her recollections of great men and women with whom the Manns rubbed elbows are frank but never malicious.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

RED ANGER, by Geoffrey Household (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Adrian Gurney, the orphaned son of an English father and a Rumanian mother, finds himself (by a convolution of circumstances that only his maker can explain) on the run for his life through the woods and fields, the downs and estuaries of the West Country, in the company of a highly placed political fugitive, with the C.I.A., the K.G.B., and M.I.-5 closing in from all directions. This is the setting and situation that has always inspired Mr. Household to his panting, white-knuckled best, and it is with all but his very best that he catches and holds and fully satisfies us here.

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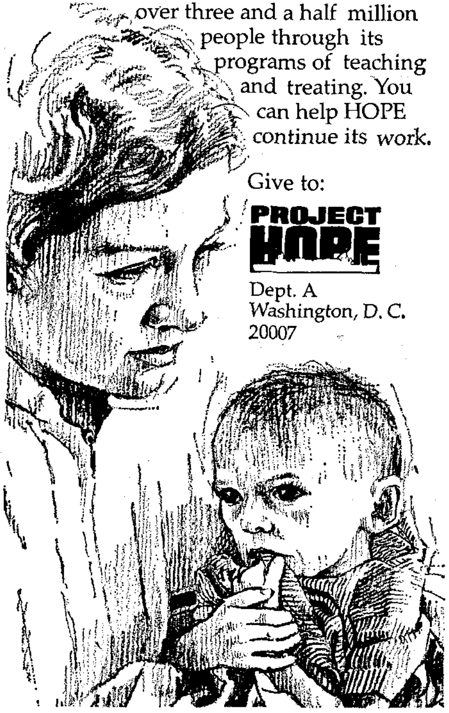

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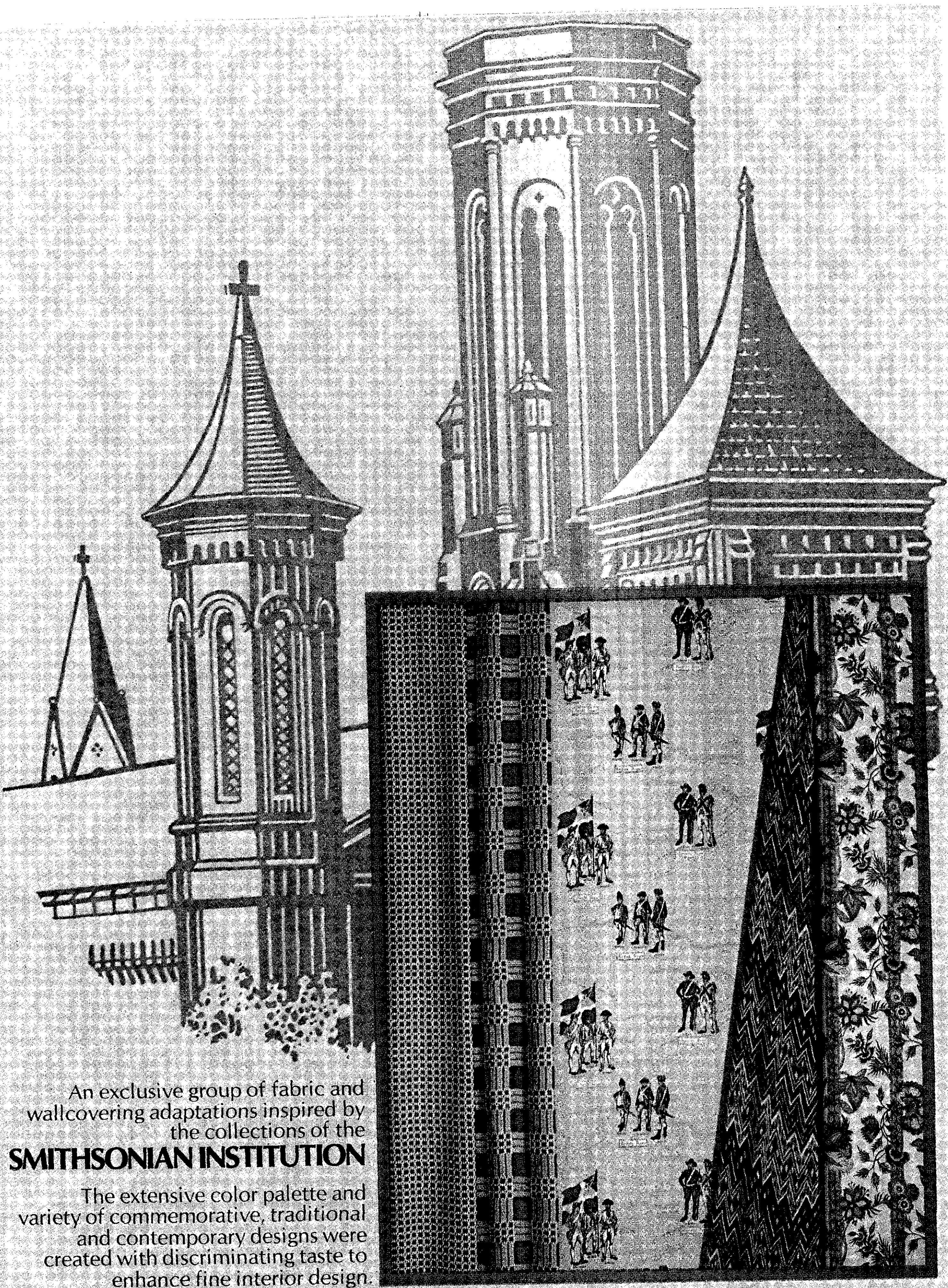

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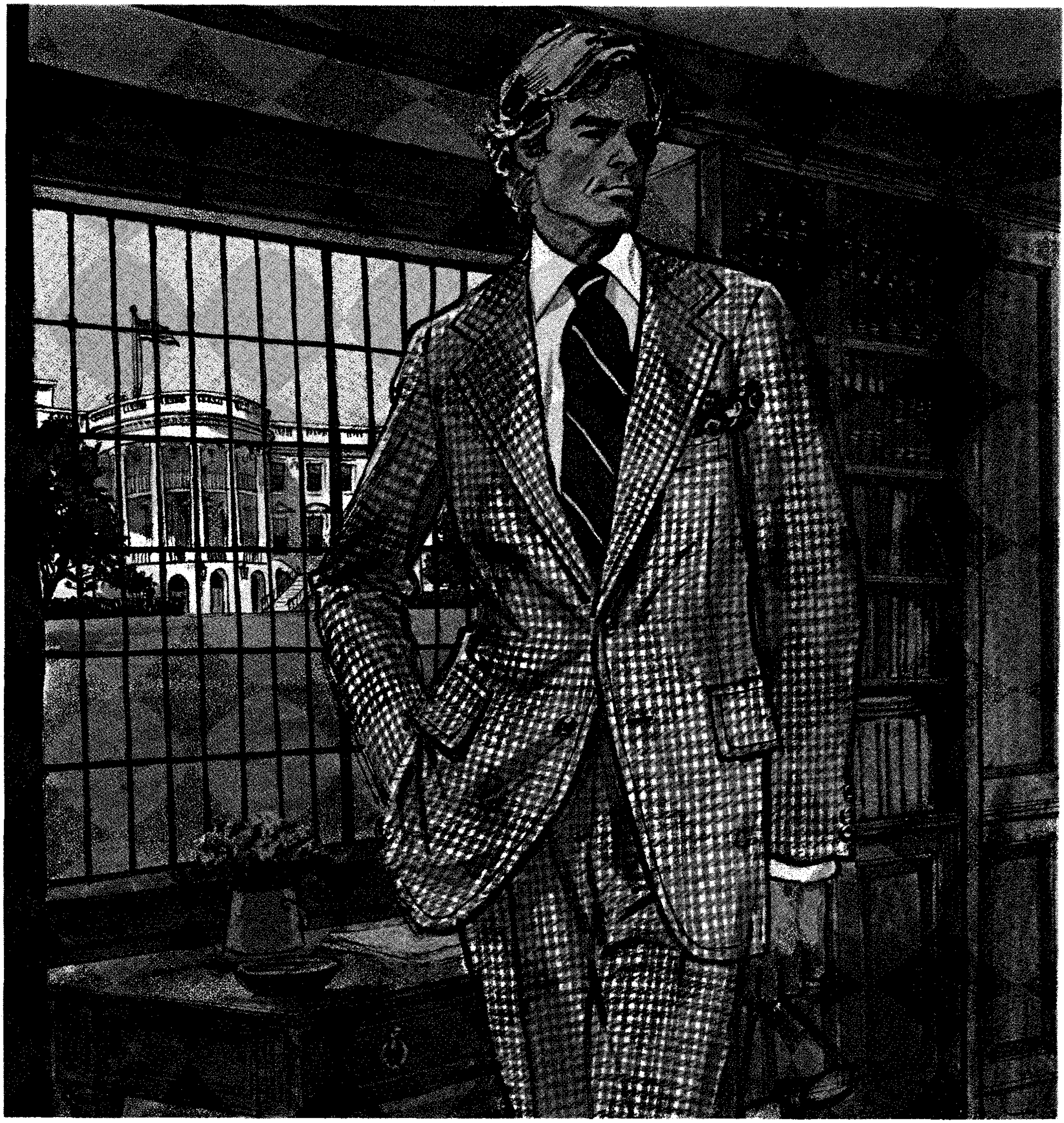

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